

A BREATH-TAKING SUPER THRILLING ISSUE

SILVER

STREAK

COMICS

DAREDEVIL

CLAW

DAREDEVIL vs THE CLAW
THE BEST CHAPTER YET

APRIL
1941
10¢
NO. 9

Five thousand lives at stake
—a split second to spare as
Silver Streak and Whiz zoom
to the rescue! But plotters
already have started their
dirty work. See Page 19.

PRESTO MARTIN
THE ACE DETECTIVE

DAN DEARBORN
FREEDOM'S SON

CLOUD CURTIS
and the
GOLDEN BULLET

10 OTHER TERRIFIC FEATURES

ADVENTURE THRILLS STAMPS PUZZLES ACTION



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CLAW



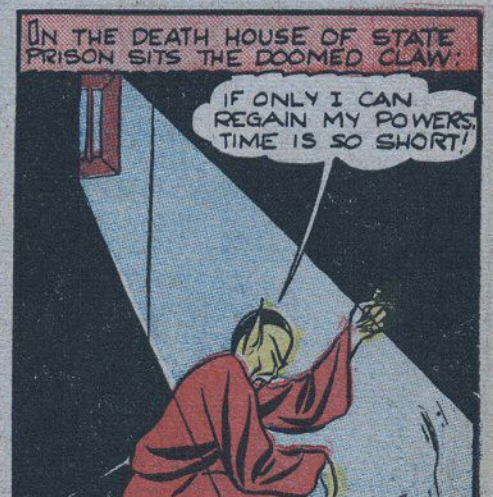
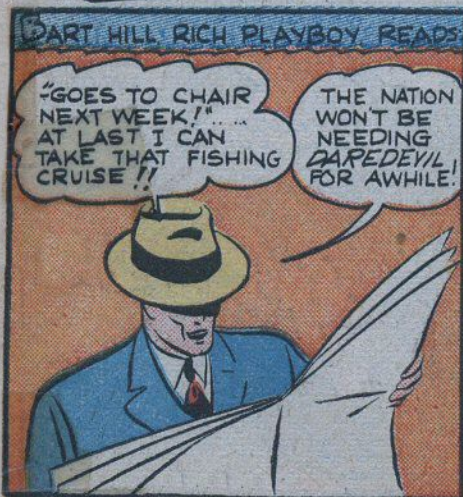
DAREDEVIL

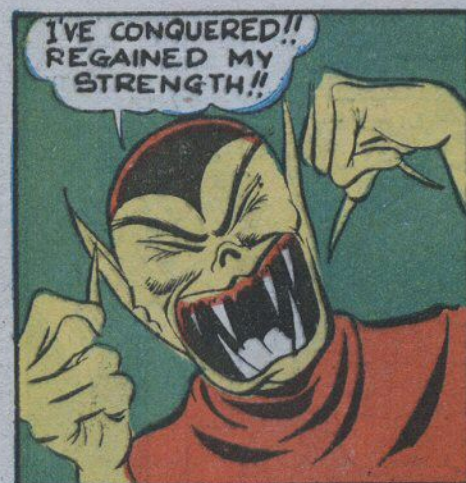
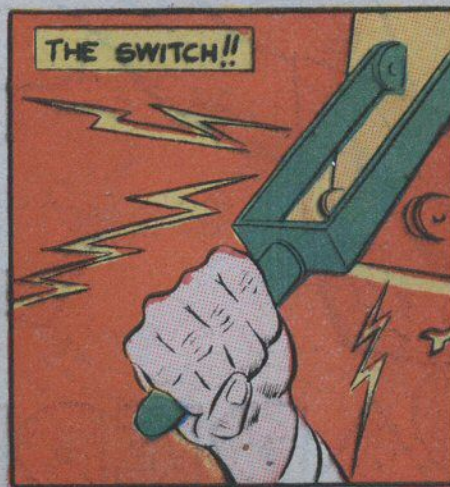
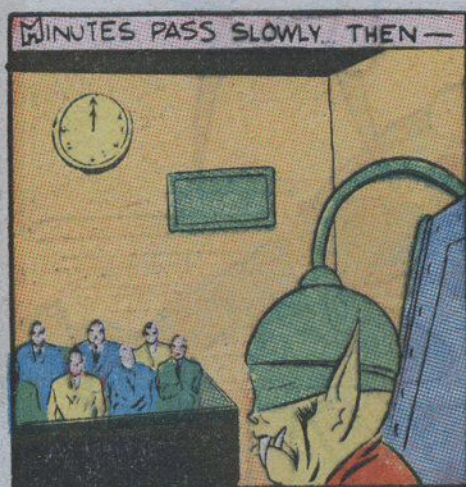
THE CLAW IS IN PRISON, AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER!

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED THAT DAREDEVIL BROUGHT HIM INTO CUSTODY ONLY AFTER A TERRIFIC HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE, DURING WHICH THE CLAW RECEIVED A SEVERE BEATING AND FINALLY FELL OFF A CLIFF.

PICKED UP AND CARRIED TO PRISON HE FINDS THAT IN HIS WEAKENED CONDITION HE IS UNABLE TO EXERCISE HIS MYSTIC POWERS!

WE FIND HIM, NOW, BROODING IN HIS CELL







BEFORE WE GO FURTHER, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN UP WITH ME?... TOGETHER WE CAN OVERTHROW THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND SET UP A DICTATORSHIP! QUICKLY!... IS IT YES OR NO?



WHAT'VE WE GOT TO LOSE?... I'M WITH YOU!

SAME HERE!

ME TOO! HOW ABOUT YOU, SPIKE?

OAK!



GOOD! BUT FIRST WE MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE!



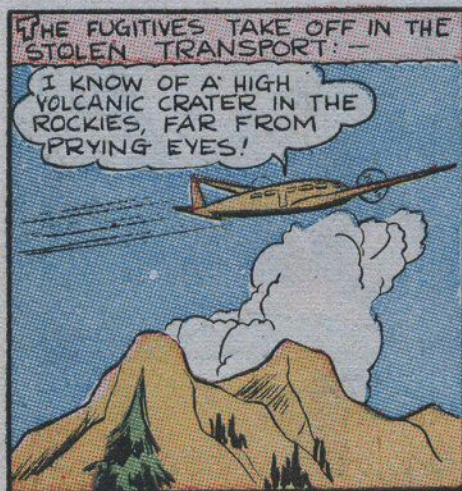
THIS TRANSPORT OUGHT TO DO!

GOOD! GOSH!

WHATTA! REACH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE CLAW!



THE FUGITIVES TAKE OFF IN THE STOLEN TRANSPORT:—

I KNOW OF A HIGH VOLCANIC CRATER IN THE ROCKIES, FAR FROM PRYING EYES!

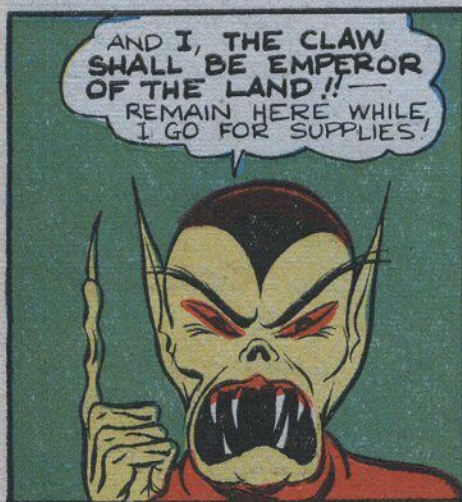


HERE! IT IS!

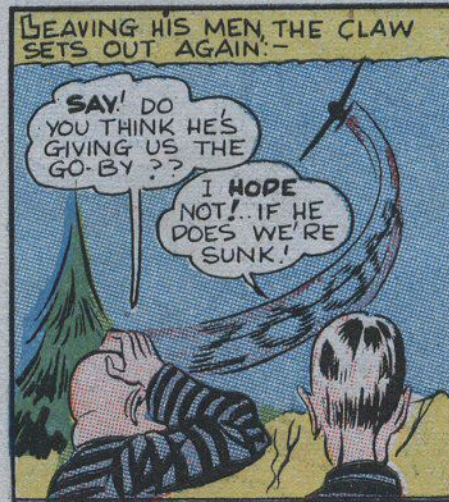
GEE A SWELL LANDING FIELD, TOO!



YOU ARE NOW GAZING UPON THE SITE OF THE FUTURE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES!!



AND I, THE CLAW SHALL BE EMPEROR OF THE LAND!!— REMAIN HERE WHILE I GO FOR SUPPLIES!



LEAVING HIS MEN THE CLAW SETS OUT AGAIN:—

SAY! DO YOU THINK HE'S GIVING US THE GO-BY??

I HOPE NOT!... IF HE DOES WE'RE SUNK!

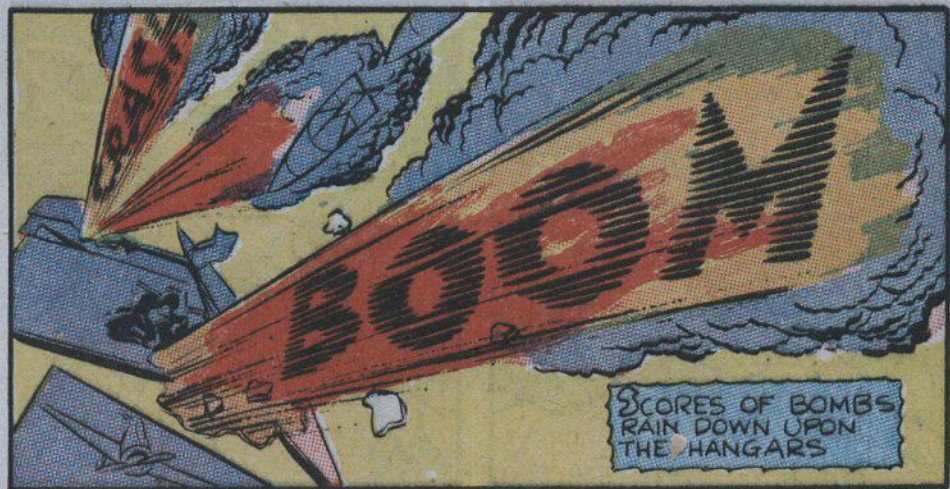
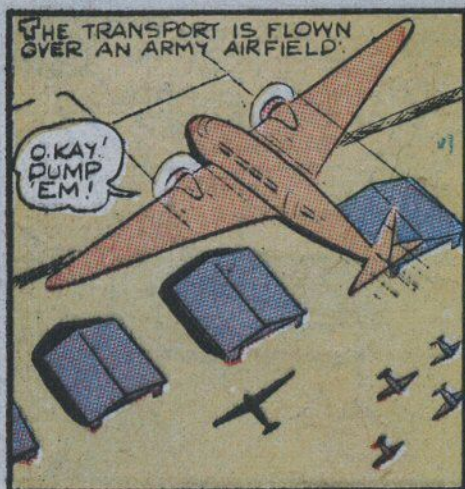


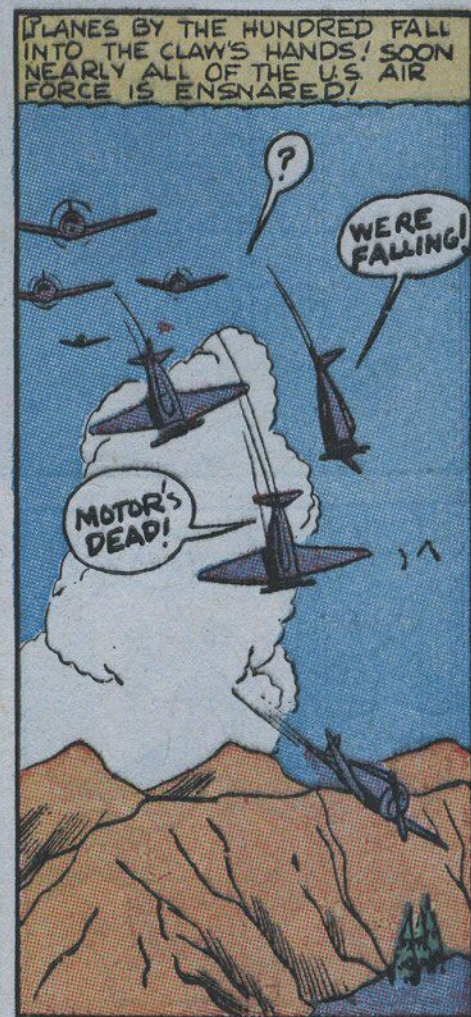
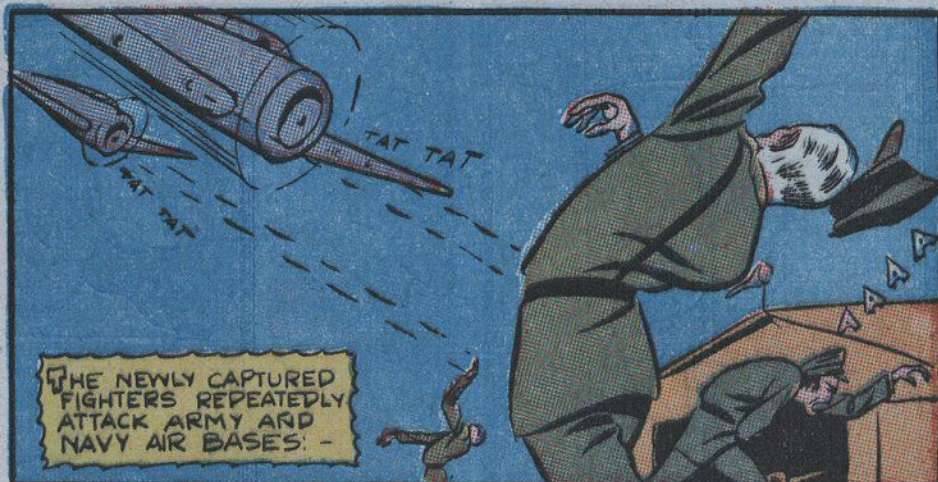
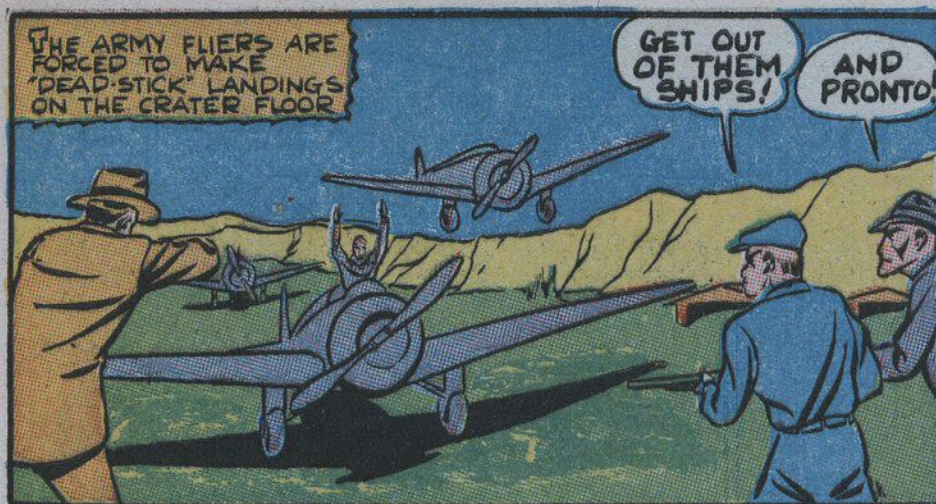
HOWEVER THE CLAW KEEPS HIS WORD AND PROCEEDS TO PLUNDER A TOWN FOR SUPPLIES

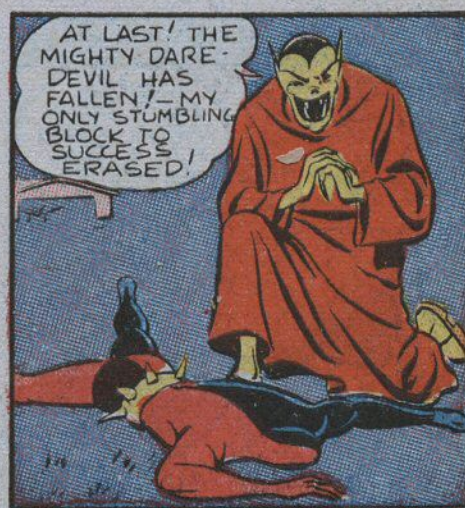
QUIET FOOLS! I ONLY WANT YOUR GOODS!

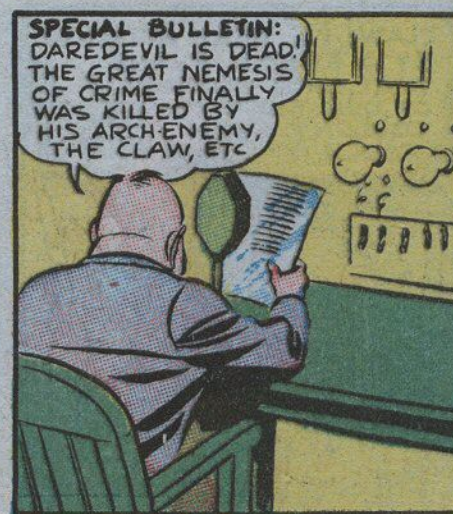
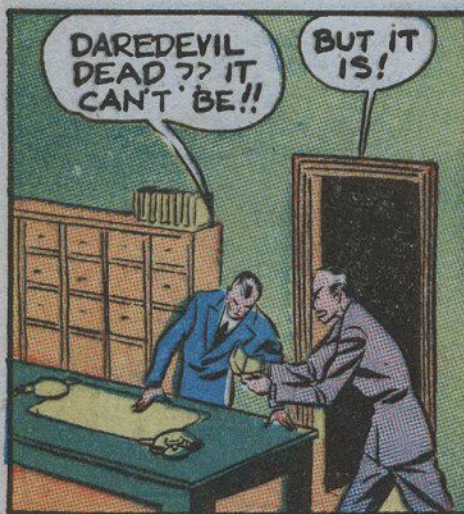
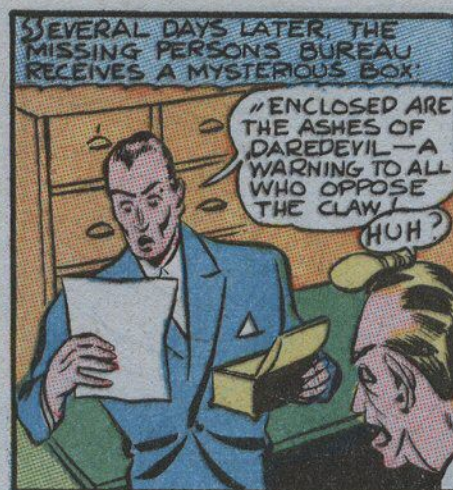
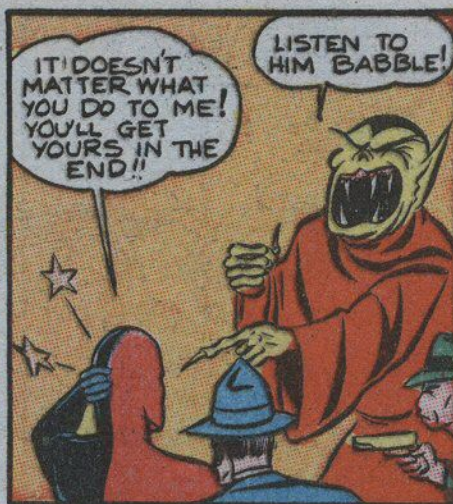
TH' CLAW!

HELP!

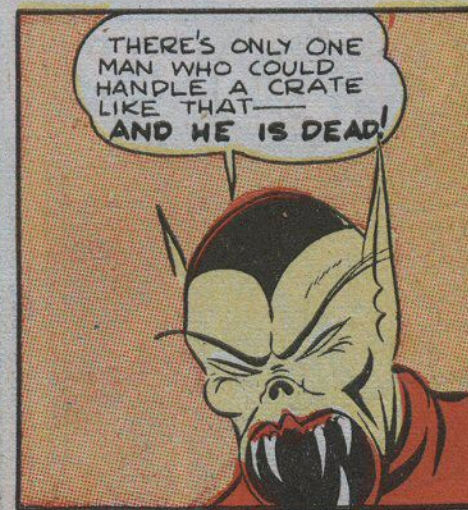
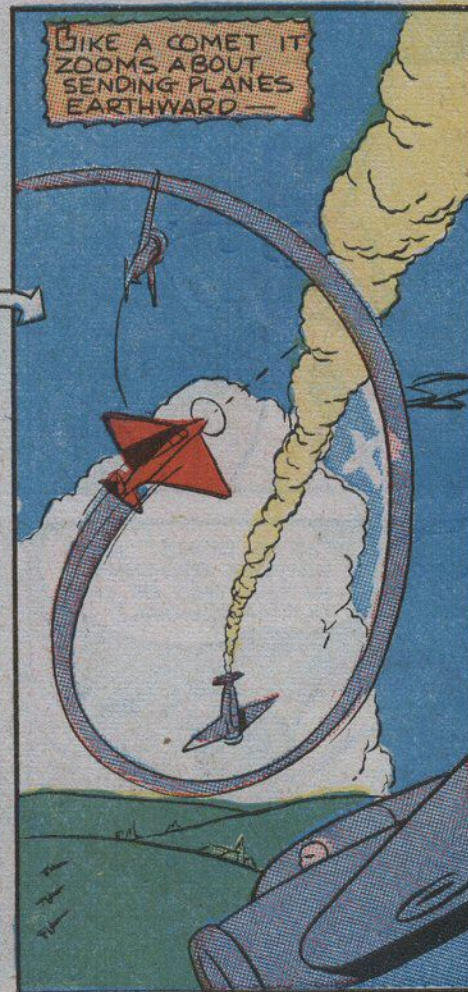
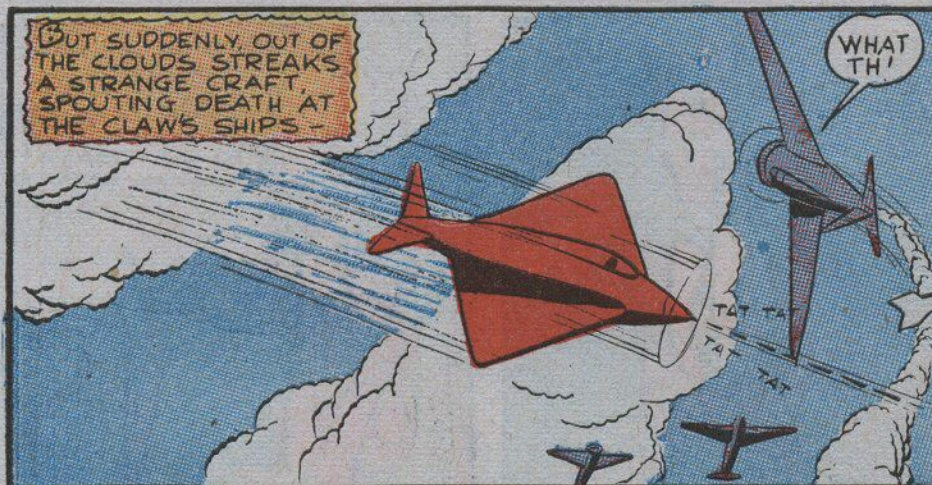


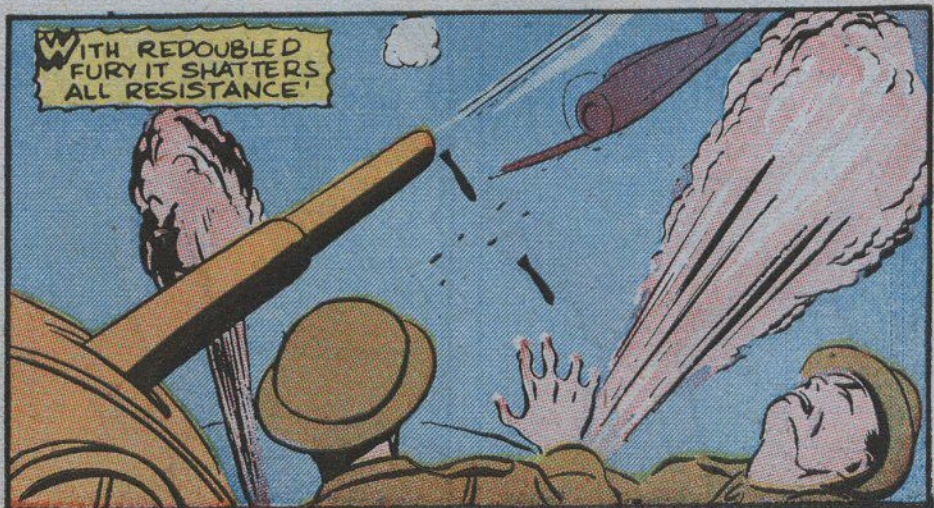
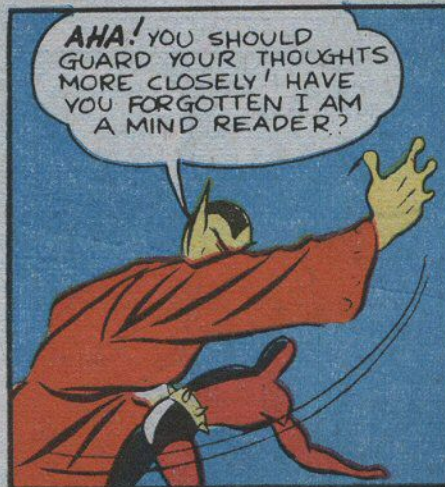
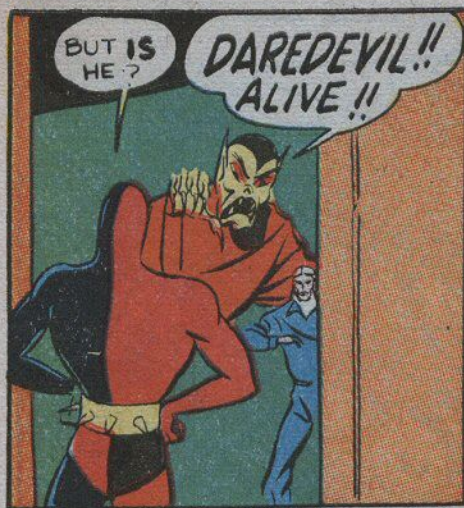


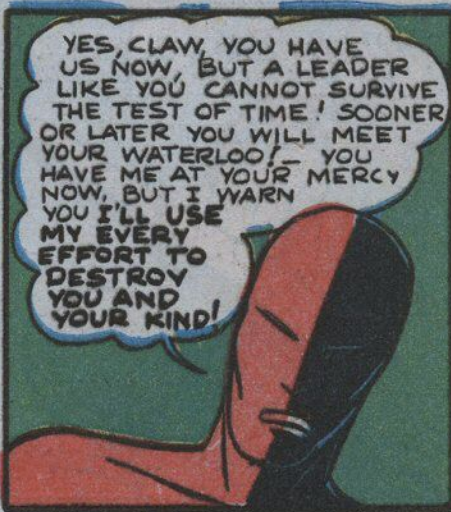
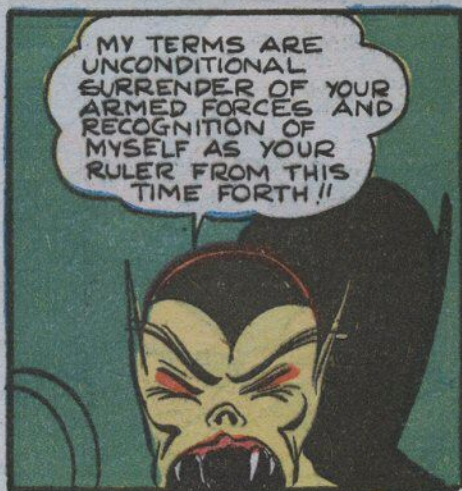
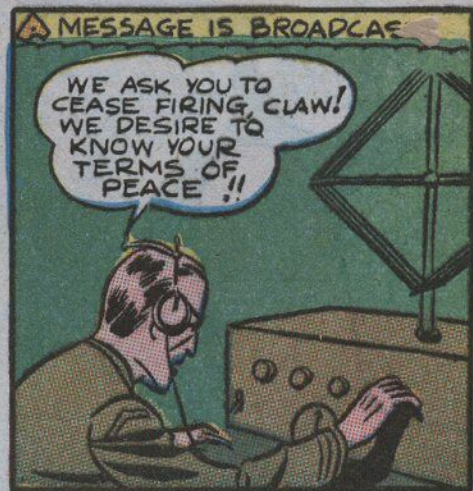




WE WISH TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE GREATEST CHAMPION OF LIBERTY THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN..... HE DIED AS HE LIVED, FIGHTING FOR RIGHT, AND MAY HIS MEMORY SERVE AS AN INSPIRATION TO ALL AMERICAN YOUTH TO LIVE A CLEAN LIFE.



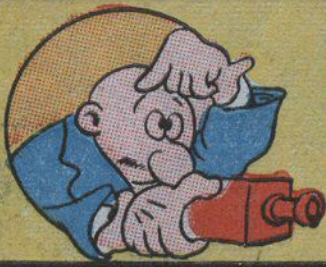




WELL! WELL! SO DAREDEVIL
WASN'T KILLED AFTER ALL!!
EVEN WE, THE EDITORS WERE
FOOLED THAT TIME !!!

BUT HOW WILL DAREDEVIL
PULL THE COUNTRY OUT OF
SLAVERY? WILL HE PUT
DOWN THE CLAW OR SUFFER
THE FATE OF HIS BROTHER?

FOR THE ANSWER,
BE SURE TO READ
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SILVER STREAK COMICS

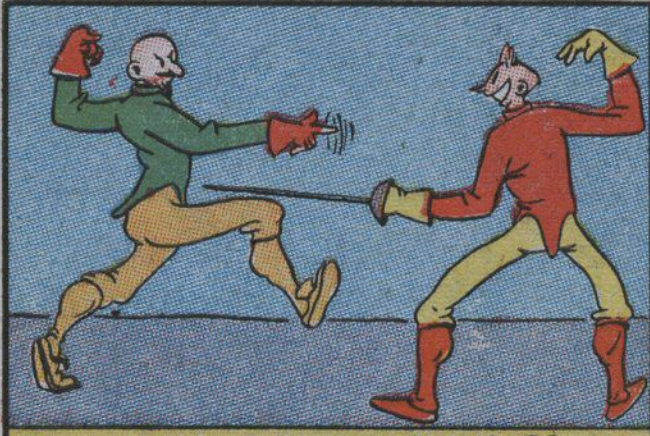


SPORT SHOTS

(ABSENT-MINDED ALBUM)

BY *Ernie Bullnose*

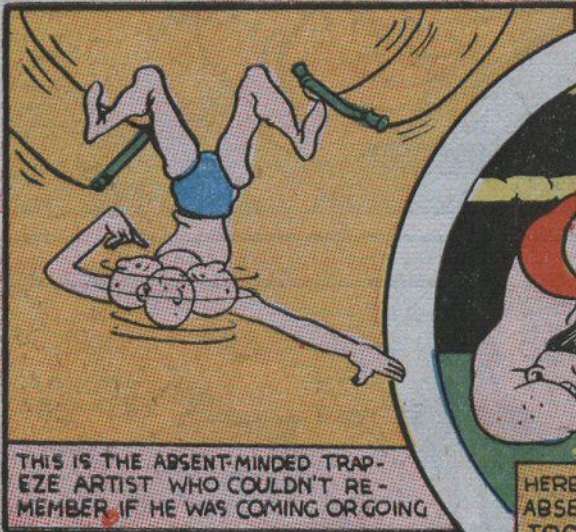
[D.B.I.]



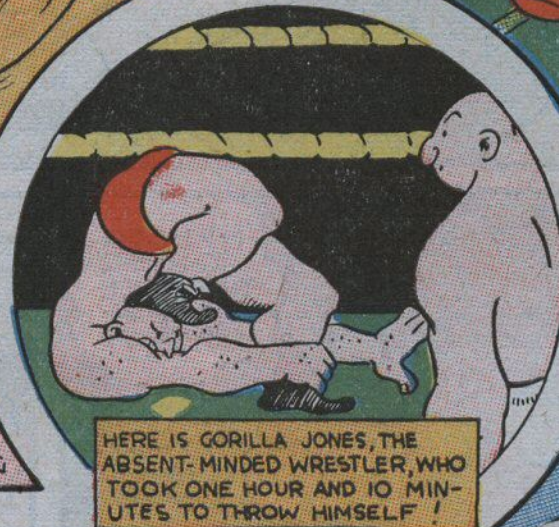
THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF GASTON PIERRE, THE ABSENT-MINDED SWORDSMAN!



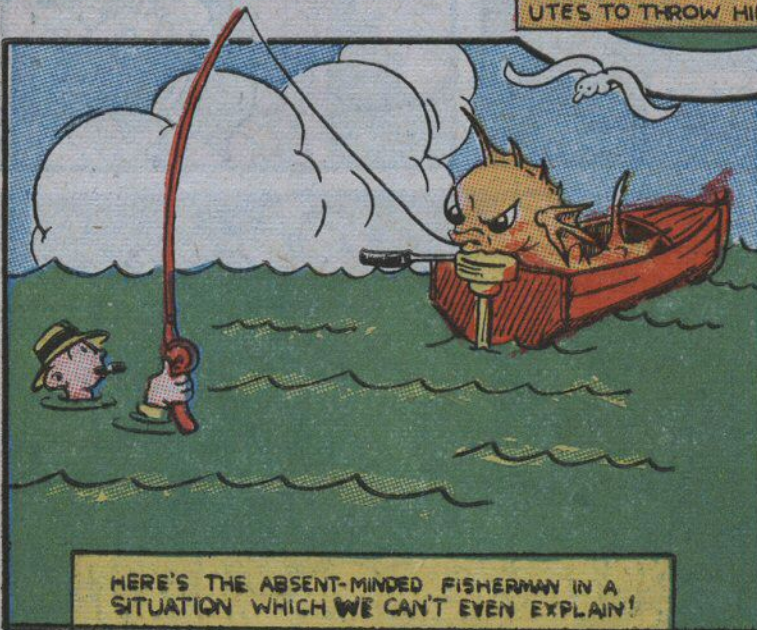
HOMER McNUTZ, ABSENT-MINDED SLUGGER, HITS A LINE SINGLE WITH THE BALD-HEADED UMPIRE!



THIS IS THE ABSENT-MINDED TRAPEZE ARTIST WHO COULDN'T REMEMBER IF HE WAS COMING OR GOING



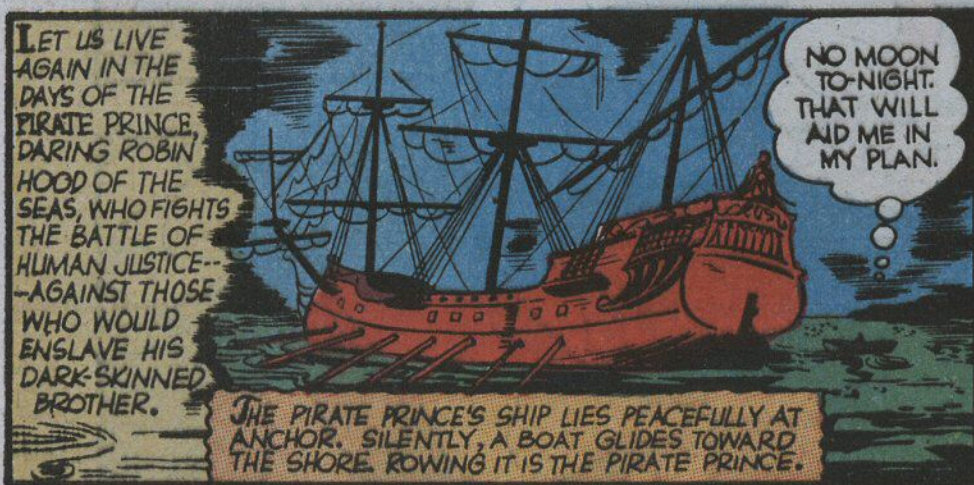
HERE IS GORILLA JONES, THE ABSENT-MINDED WRESTLER, WHO TOOK ONE HOUR AND 10 MINUTES TO THROW HIMSELF!

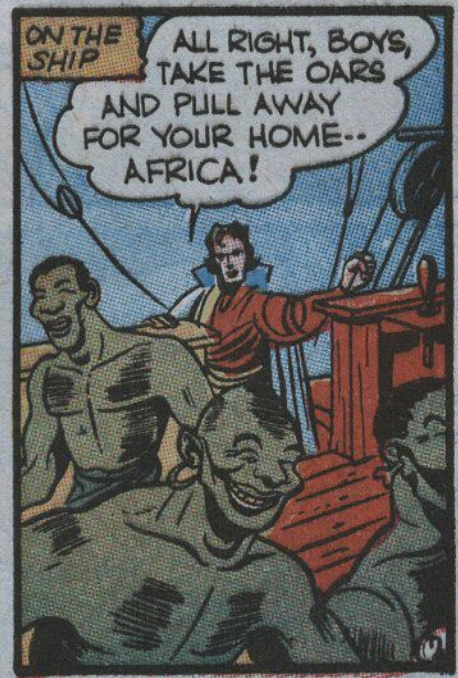
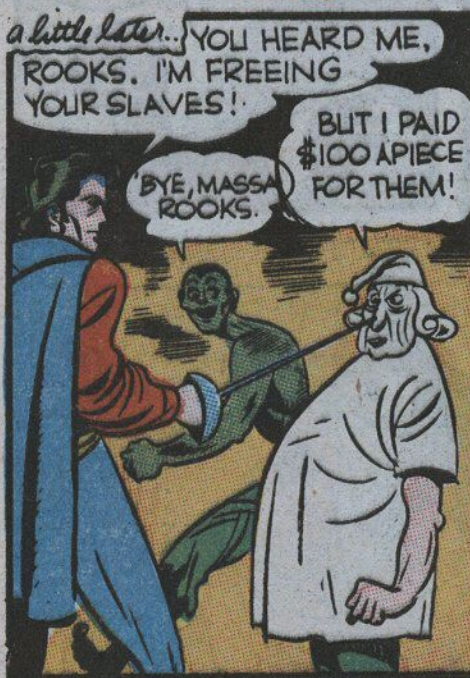
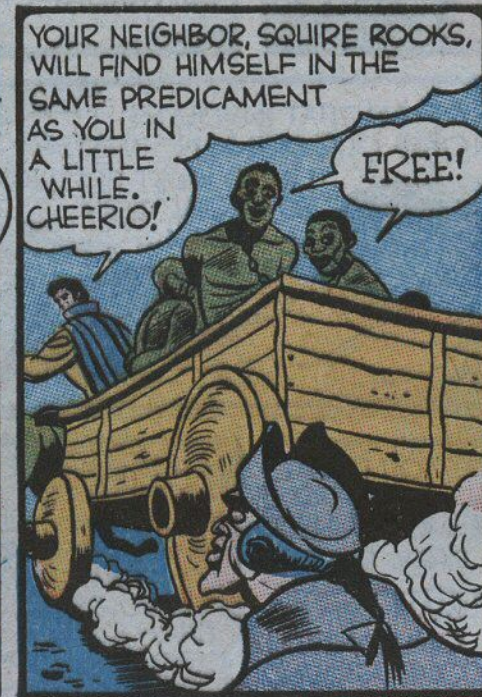
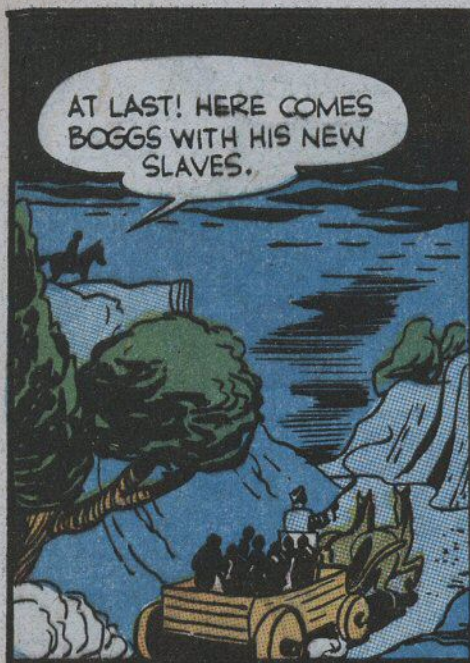


HERE'S THE ABSENT-MINDED FISHERMAN IN A SITUATION WHICH WE CAN'T EVEN EXPLAIN!



THEN THERE WAS PROFESSOR BUZZLE OF HARVARD WHO SPENT 10 YEARS BUILDING A GLIDER --- HERE WAS HIS FIRST FLIGHT --- !!





SUDDENLY THE PIRATE PRINCE AND HIS
LIBERATED SLAVES ARE CONFRONTED BY...

NOT SO FAST,
MY FRIEND!

WHY--
THESE AREN'T
MY MEN!

WE MEET AGAIN,
PIRATE PRINCE!

DR.
BOGGS!

NATURALLY YOU WONDER
WHAT THIS MEANS. WHILE
YOU WERE GOING TO
SQUIRE ROOKS, AND ALL
YOUR MEN WERE IN A
TAVERN, I SIMPLY TOOK
OVER YOUR SHIP WITH
MY OWN TRUSTY,
CUTTHROAT CREW!

THE NEXT DAY FINDS
THE SHIP MANY MILES
OUT, ROWED BY THE
RECAPTURED SLAVES
AND THE PIRATE
PRINCE. CHAINED TO
THE OARS, THEY ARE
HELPLESS.

I HAVE A PLAN THAT INVOLVES
SACRIFICING OUR DRINKING WATER.
I ALSO MUST PRETEND
TO GROW VERY
WEAK...

HERE COMES BOGGS---

WATER--GIVE ME WATER!

WELL, PRINCE, YOU DON'T
WEAR WELL. HOW DO
YOU LIKE BEING CHAINED
WITH THESE DIRTY RATS?

THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS
LIKE I AM. ONLY WHEN
YOU COME AROUND
DO I BECOME
SICK.

EACH TIME WATER
IS SERVED, THE
PIRATE PRINCE AND
THE SLAVES POUR
IT ON THE WOOD
THAT HOLDS THE
CHAIN RINGS.

WASTING
WATER,
EH?

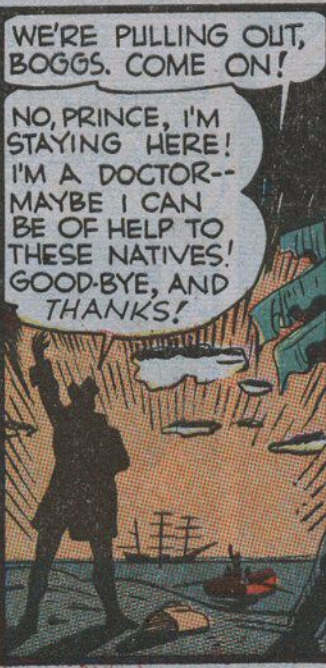
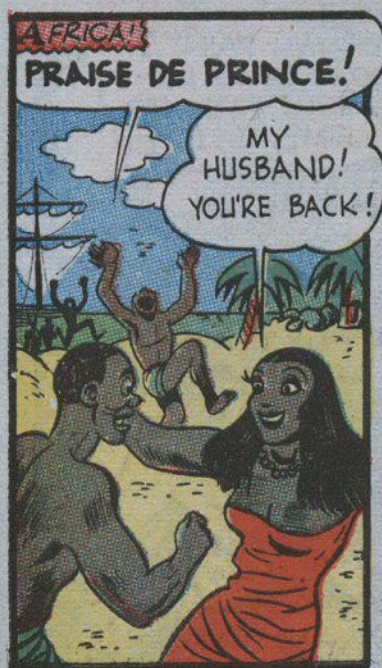
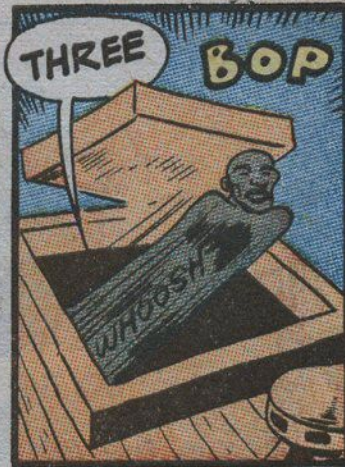
ONE NIGHT
WEEKS LATER--

NOW'S THE TIME, BOYS!
HEAVE AWAY AT THOSE
CHAINS! THE WATER WE
SPILLED ROTTED THE
WOOD THAT HOLDS THE
CHAIN PINS.
HEAVE!

THE CHAINS PULL FREE OF THE ROTTED WOOD!

GET GOING, LADS!
EVERY MAN FOR
HIMSELF!

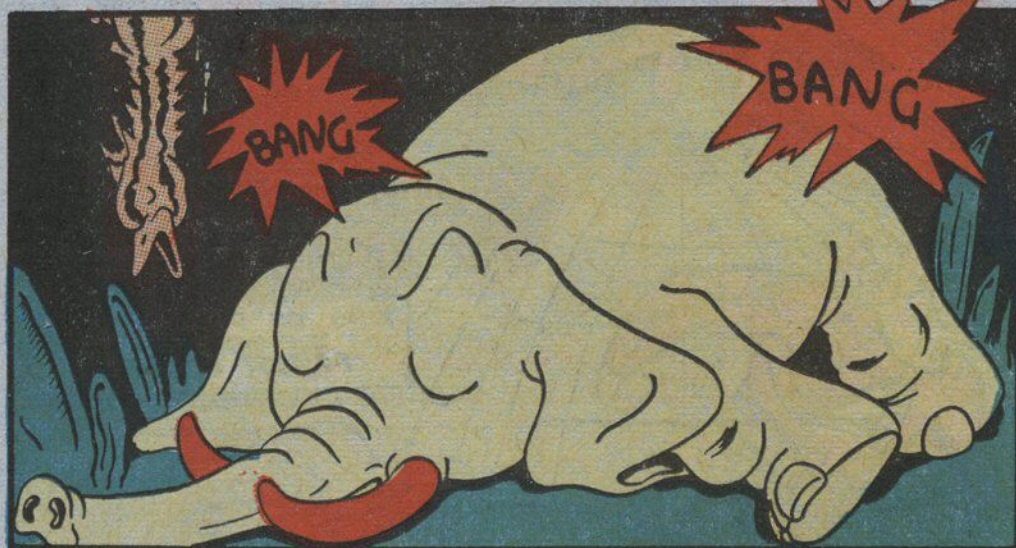




YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS ONE SINGLE INSTALLMENT OF THE PIRATE PRINCE!! WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE ~

Can You Solve These?

D.B.I.



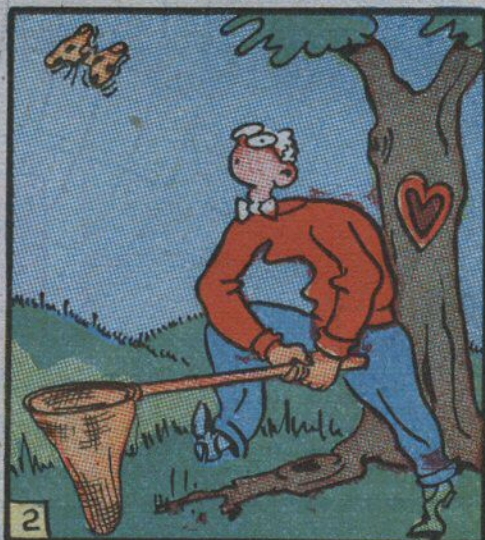
Hunter's Problem

TWO HUNTERS AGREED THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD GET ALL THE HEADS OF THE ANIMALS AND BIRDS THEY SHOT, AND THE OTHER WOULD GET ALL THE FEET. AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE FIRST HUNTER GOT 36 HEADS. THE OTHER GOT 100 FEET. HOW MANY BIRDS AND HOW MANY ANIMALS DID THE TWO HUNTERS SHOOT TO MAKE THIS DIVISION POSSIBLE?

Find The Ball Players

[Box 1] MIX THE YELLOW AND THE BLUE ON THE ARTIST'S PALETTE. THE RESULTING COLOR PLUS A SPOKEN WORD BY THE ARTIST WILL GIVE A FAMOUS FIRST BASEMAN.

[Box 2] IN THIS BOX THE COMBINATION OF TWO THINGS GIVES US A VERY FAMOUS CATCHER, MANAGER, AND NOW PLAYING COACH FOR A NATIONAL LEAGUE TEAM.



V I C A R

I

C

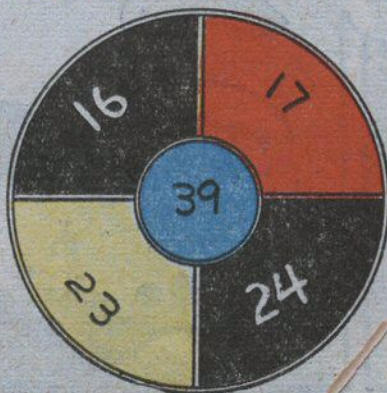
A

R

Square The Vicar
CAN YOU COMPLETE THE WORD SQUARE SO THAT ALL WORDS FILLED IN HORIZONTALLY WILL GIVE THE SAME WORDS VERTICALLY?

Target Score

THIS LOOKS SIMPLE - MAYBE IT IS! HOW MANY SHOTS WERE FIRED, AND WHICH NUMBERS WERE HIT TO ROLL UP THE SCORE OF 100 ON THE TARGET?



Answers! (DO NOT PEEK!)

Hunters Problem:

22 BIRDS AND 14 ANIMALS

Find The Ball Players:

[Box 1] GREEN + BURG GIVES GREENBERG, DETROIT FIRST BASEMAN.

[Box 2] HEART + NET GIVES HARTNETT, NEW GIANT PLAYER-COACH

Square The Vicar:

VICAR
IRATE
CANON
ATONE
RENEW

Target Score: TWO 16'S AND FOUR 17'S WERE SCORED

SILVER STREAK

AND WHIZ

KING OF FALCONS—
THE WORLD'S
FASTEST BIRD—

WITH SPEED FASTER THAN A BOLT OF LIGHTNING SILVER STREAK, MIGHTY CRUSADER FOR JUSTICE, ZOOMS TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH WITH HIS WINGED COLLEAGUE, WHIZ, THE MOST AMAZING BIRD EVER KNOWN.

BOB
WOOD

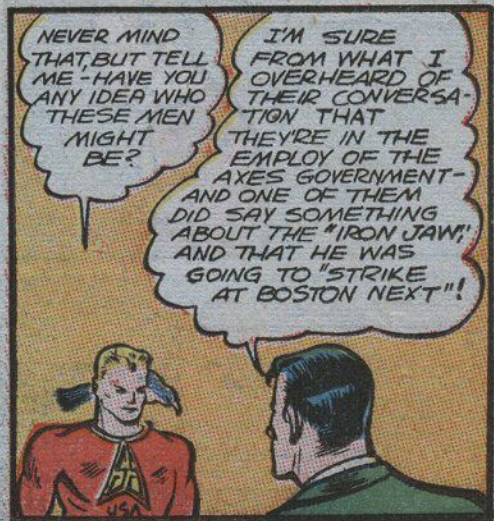
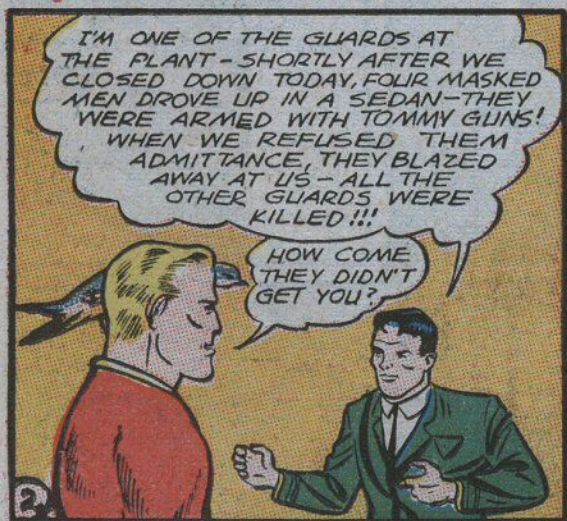
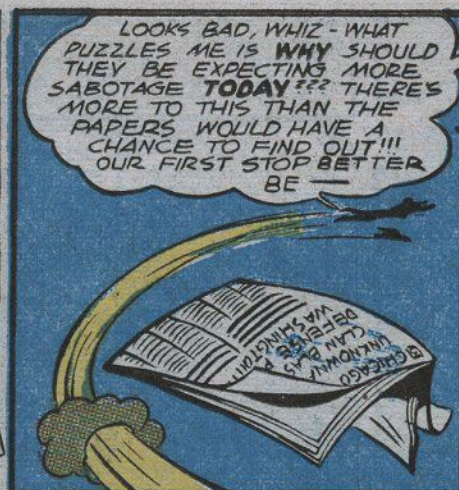
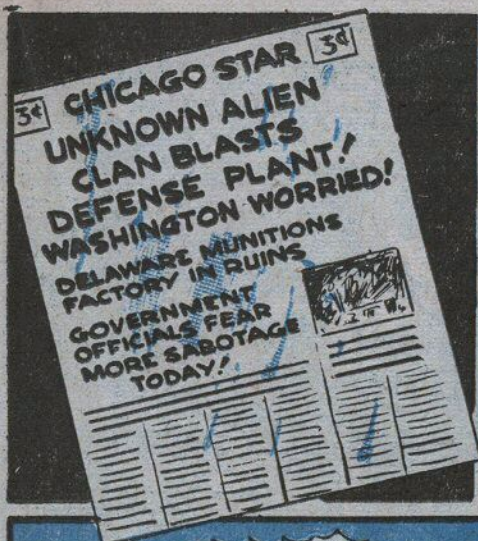
VACATIONING IN ARGENTINA, LITTLE DOES THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN REALIZE THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, A SERIES OF SABOTAGE CRIMES ARE ALREADY IN PROCESS, SO CLEVERLY EXECUTED THAT ONLY A MAN OF HIS CAPABILITIES COULD HOPE TO SOLVE THEM

I SENT WHIZ
BACK TO THE STATES
FOR A NEWSPAPER!!!
HE'S BEEN GONE ALMOST
THREE MINUTES NOW—
HOPE HE HASN'T
RUN INTO TROUBLE!!!

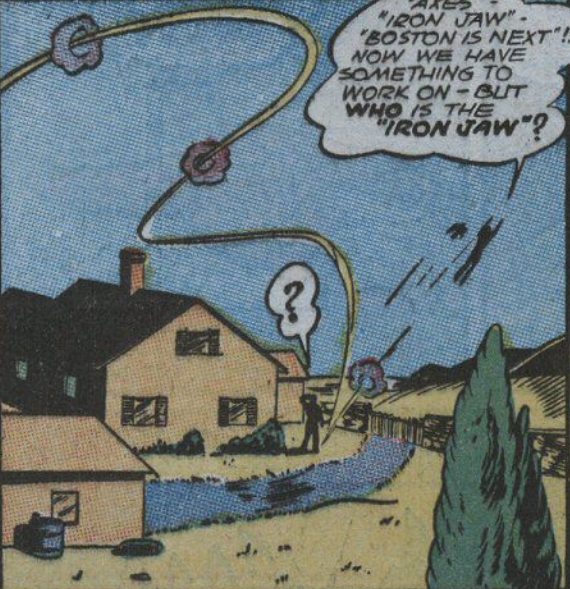
— JUST THEN —
CIRCLING HIGH ABOVE —

WHIZ!
YOU HAD ME
WORRIED FOR
A MINUTE!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO
GO WAY TO CHICAGO, WHIZ,
A NEW ORLEANS PAPER
WOULD HAVE BEEN GOOD
ENOUGH!!!
HEY!!!...WHAT'S
THIS?



① FROSTING THE ASTONISHED MAN AT HIS DOORSTEP THE PAIR CONTINUE ON TO WASHINGTON -



"AXES" -
"IRON JAW" -
"BOSTON IS NEXT" !!!
NOW WE HAVE
SOMETHING TO
WORK ON - BUT
WHO IS THE
"IRON JAW"?

WASHINGTON - THE COUNTRY'S ACE G-MEN MEET IN AN EFFORT TO AVERT FURTHER TRAGEDY.



BUT WE
DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHO'S BEHIND IT
ALL - WE HAVEN'T
A SINGLE CLUE
TO HELP
US!

SOMETHING
MUST BE
DONE QUICKLY!
THE FUTURE
OF THE ENTIRE
NATION IS
AT STAKE!

JUST THEN -

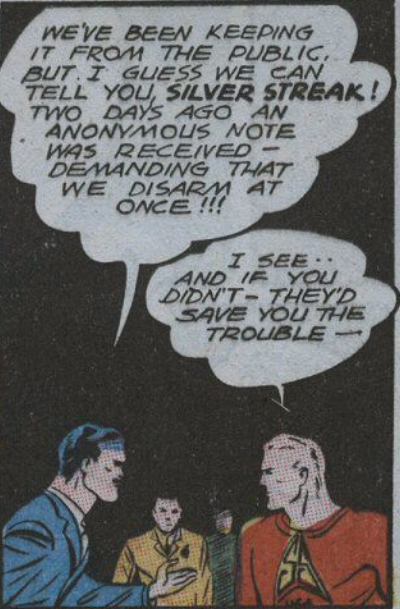
MAYBE WITH
A LITTLE TEAMWORK
WE CAN GET
SOMEWHERE!

SILVER

STREAK!

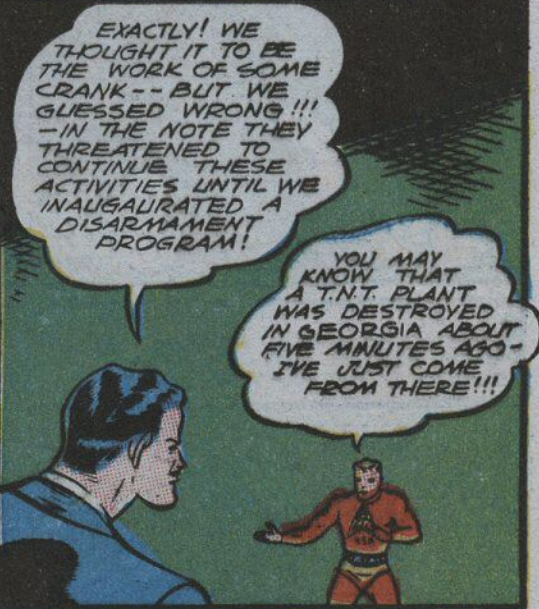


FIRST, I WANT TO KNOW
WHY YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF
CONTINUED SABOTAGE !!!
YOU MUST HAVE A
GOOD REASON FOR
THAT !!!



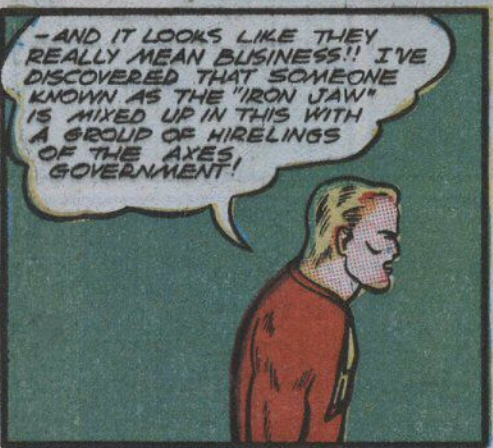
WE'VE BEEN KEEPING
IT FROM THE PUBLIC,
BUT I GUESS WE CAN
TELL YOU, SILVER STREAK!
TWO DAYS AGO AN
ANONYMOUS NOTE
WAS RECEIVED -
DEMANDING THAT
WE DISARM AT
ONCE !!!

I SEE...
AND IF YOU
DIDN'T - THEY'D
SAVE YOU THE
TROUBLE -



EXACTLY! WE
THOUGHT IT TO BE
THE WORK OF SOME
CRANK -- BUT WE
GUESSED WRONG !!!
- IN THE NOTE THEY
THREATENED TO
CONTINUE THESE
ACTIVITIES UNTIL WE
INAUGURATED A
DISARMAMENT
PROGRAM!

YOU MAY
KNOW THAT
A T.N.T. PLANT
WAS DESTROYED
IN GEORGIA ABOUT
FIVE MINUTES AGO -
I'VE JUST COME
FROM THERE !!!



- AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY
REALLY MEAN BUSINESS!! I'VE
DISCOVERED THAT SOMEONE
KNOWN AS THE "IRON JAW"
IS MIXED UP IN THIS WITH
A GROUP OF HIRELINGS
OF THE AXES
GOVERNMENT!

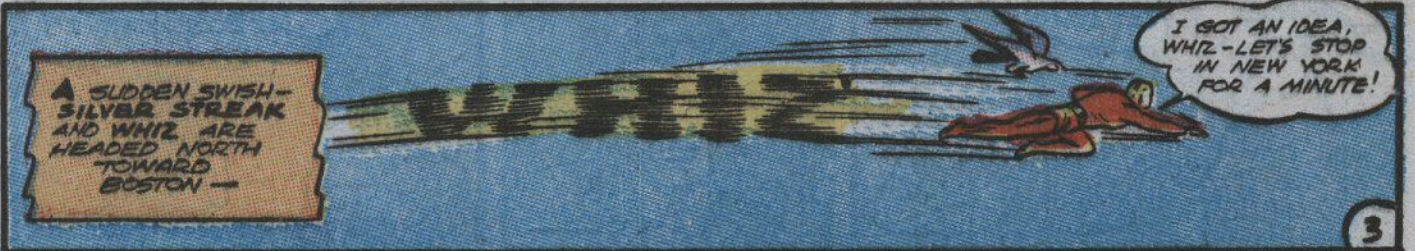


APPARENTLY THEY'RE
TRYING TO DISARM US
AND OVERTHROW OUR
GOVERNMENT - AND IT
LOOKS LIKE THE
NEXT PLACE THEY
WILL STRIKE AT
WILL BE BOSTON!

- B-BUT -
SILVER
STREAK -
HOW DO YOU
KNOW ALL
THIS??

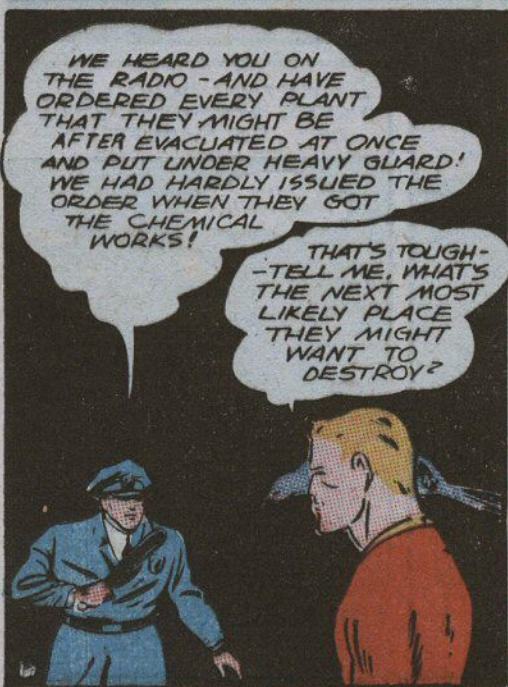
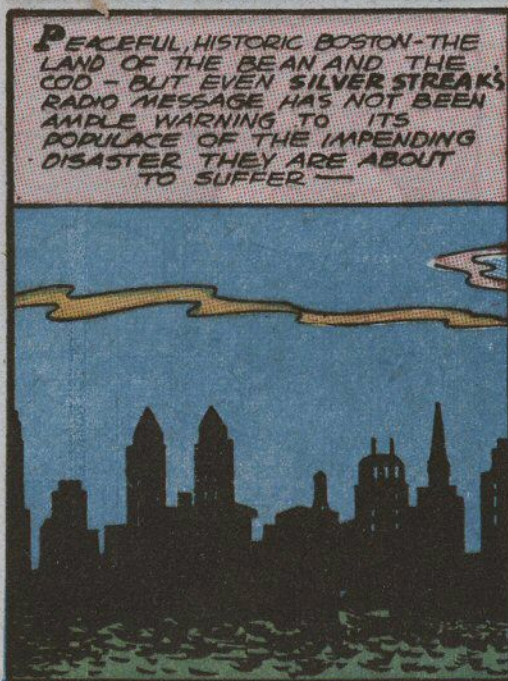
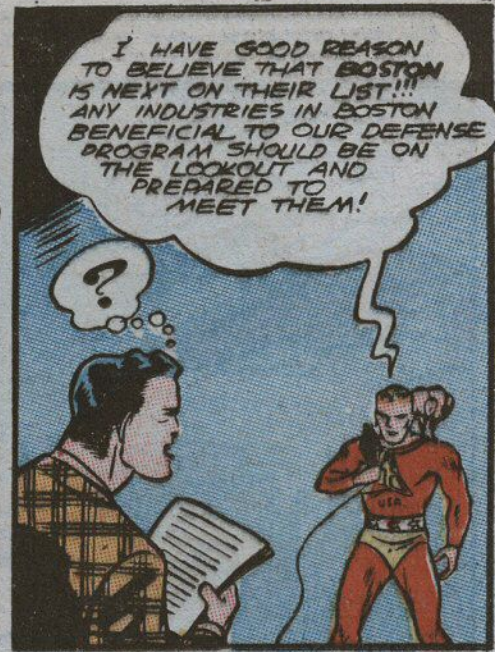


- NO TIME TO
EXPLAIN THAT NOW -
WHIZ AND I HAVE
THINGS TO DO
IN BOSTON,
S'LONG !!!

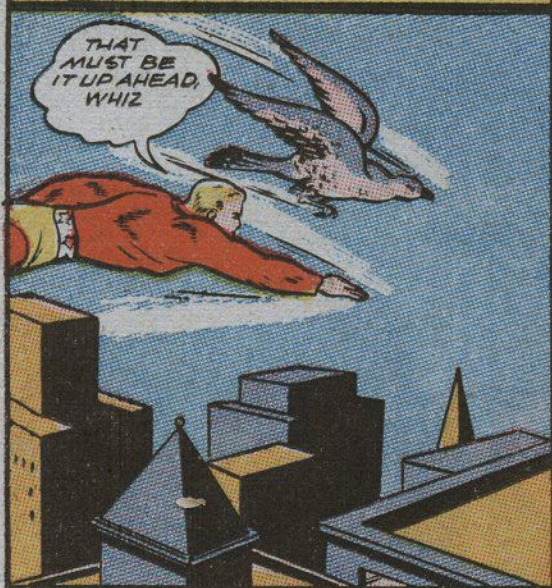


A SUDDEN SWISH -
SILVER STREAK
AND WHIZ ARE
HEADED NORTH
TOWARD
BOSTON -

I GOT AN IDEA,
WHIZ - LET'S STOP
IN NEW YORK
FOR A MINUTE!

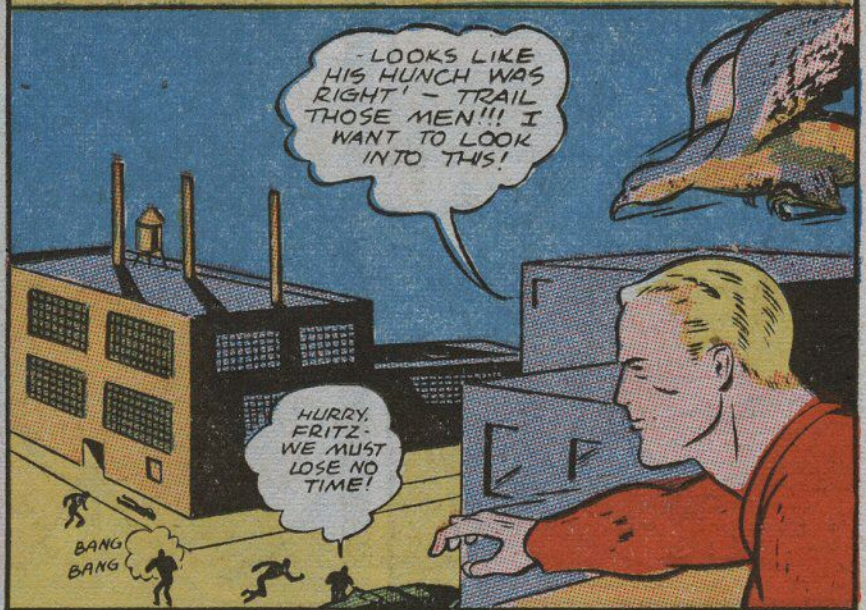


SILVER STREAK AND WHIZ SOAR HIGH ABOVE THE CITY-UNTIL-



THAT MUST BE IT UP AHEAD, WHIZ

THEY SOON REACH THE ARMS PLANT -



-LOOKS LIKE HIS HUNCH WAS RIGHT! - TRAIL THOSE MEN!!! I WANT TO LOOK INTO THIS!

HURRY, FRITZ - WE MUST LOSE NO TIME!

BANG BANG

LEAVING WHIZ TO PURSUE THE FLEEING MEN, SILVER STREAK SWOOPS DOWN TO THE WOUNDED GUARD -



-ANYONE ELSE INSIDE???

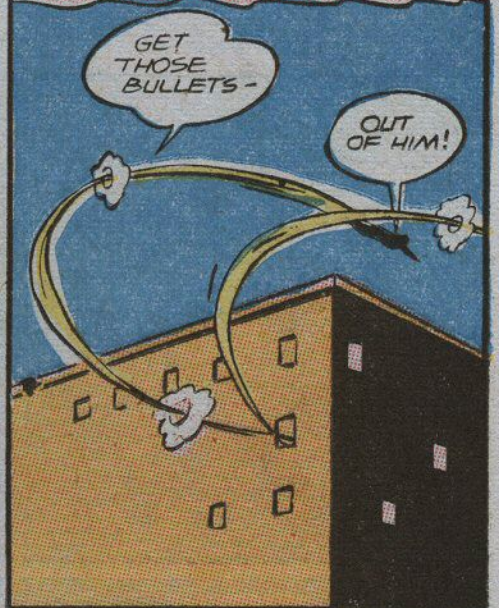
NO - EXCEPT THREE DEAD GUARDS - TWO OF US GOT AWAY!!! - LOOKS LIKE I'M A GONER, TOO!

TH- THEY PLANTED D-DYNAMITE INSIDE -

NEVER MIND THAT! YOU NEED A DOCTOR - WHERE'S THE NEAREST HOSPITAL???



IN AND OUT OF A NEARBY HOSPITAL IN A FLASH, SILVER STREAK QUICKLY DEPOSITS THE GUARD AND STARTS BACK -



GET THOSE BULLETS -

OUT OF HIM!

BUT BEFORE THE STREAK CAN RETURN TO THE ARMS PLANT, THE PLACE IS A MASS OF RUINS -



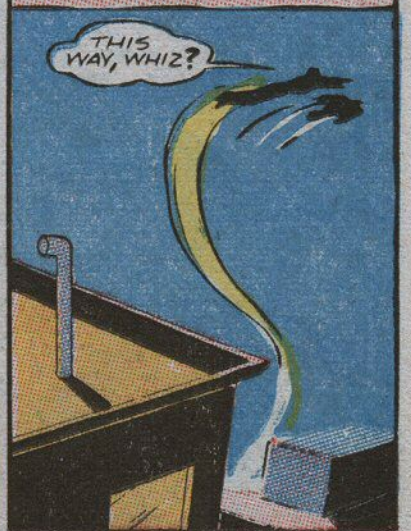
TOO LATE!!! WONDER HOW WHIZ MADE OUT?

BOOM!

ALMOST AS IF IN ANSWER TO HIS MASTER'S WORDS, THE WORLD'S MOST DYNAMIC BIRD ARRIVES, BACK -



INSTINCTIVELY WHIZ LEADS SILVER STREAK IN PURSUIT OF THE SABOTEURS -



THIS WAY, WHIZ?

BEFORE THE GUNMEN REACH THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY **SILVER
STREAK** AND **WHIZ** OVERTAKE
THEM —



**SWOOPING LOW, SILVER
STREAK SEIZES THE
DRIVER BY HIS COAT COLLAR**



**SNATCHING HIM FROM THE
CAR, THE WORLD'S FASTEST
MAN SMASHES HIM WITH
A LIGHTENING LEFT HOOK —**



MEANWHILE, THE RUNAWAY
CAR SWERVES AND
CAREENS INTO A LAMP POST



— BEFORE THE
HORRIFIED THUGS CAN
GET AWAY —



— AN UNCANNY SIGHT — SO FAST DOES
SILVER STREAK STRIKE, THAT HE
SEEMS TO BE IN TWO PLACES AT
ONCE !!!



BUT FAITHFUL **WHIZ**, ALWAYS
ON THE ALERT, HAS NOT
FAILED —

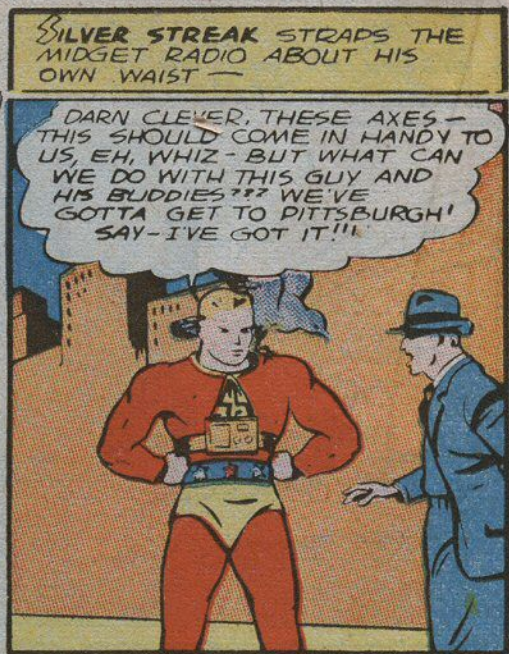


C'MON, NOW —
TALK, AND TALK
FAST!!! — OR I'LL
TURN **WHIZ** ON YOU
AGAIN!
**WHO IS THE IRON
JAW, AND WHERE
IS HE???**



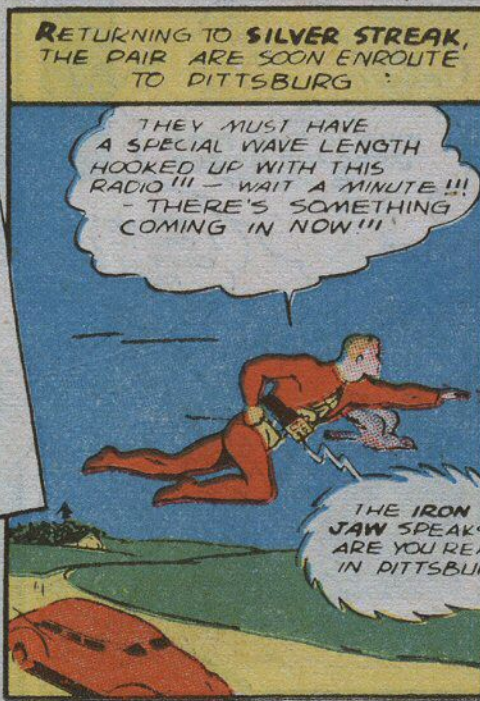
**SUDDENLY, A STRANGE
THING HAPPENS — FROM
INSIDE THE MAN'S COAT
COMES A VOICE —**





YOU WILL FIND THE FOUR MEN WHO BLEW UP THE GATES ARMS PLANT WAITING FOR YOU AT THE CORNER OF TREMONT AND SCHOOL STREET -

Silver Streak



THE BURNS STEEL WORKS, FIVE THOUSAND EMPLOYEES, UNAWARE OF IMPENDING DISASTER PURSUE THEIR DUTIES -

WHILE ABOVE ON THE ROOF, AXES HENCHMEN, SURPRIZED IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE PLANT, ARE OVERPOWERING COMPANY GUARDS IN A FREE FOR ALL -



GIVE THOUSAND LIVES AT STAKE - AS SILVER STREAK AND WHIZ APPROACH - WILL THEY BE ABLE TO PREVENT THE CATASTROPHE?



WITH THE FURY OF A MAD TIGER, AND WITH INDESCRIBABLE SPEED, SILVER STREAK MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE ALIENS -

-BUT UN-NOTICED, THERE LURKS NEARBY -

SILVER STREAK GOES DOWN -



THE SABOTEUR SOON REACHES THE BASEMENT, BUT BEFORE HE CAN PREPARE THE MYSTERIOUS WEAPON FOR DETONATION, WHIZ APPEARS -

ON A FLASH THE UNCANNY BIRD IS WHIRLING AROUND AND AROUND ITS STARTLED FOE

DIZZINESS SOON OVER TAKES THE ALIEN RENDERING HIM HELPLESS, AS WHIZ SPEEDS OFF WITH THE STRANGE NEW WEAPON BACK TO HIS WOUNDED MASTER -

MOMENTS LATER THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE THE SABOTEURS INTO CUSTODY -



21 PITTSBURGH NEWS
SILVER STREAK AND WHIZ SAVE 5000 LIVES!!! SECRET WEAPON OF AGRESSOR NATION UNCOVERED!!!
 SILVER STREAK WOUNDED IN MELEE AT BURNS STEEL MILLS!!!
 PRESIDENT SENDS CONGRATULATORY MESSAGE TO SILVER STREAK!
 BOMB SQUAD DISCOVERS SECRET WEAPON TO BE A DEADLY NERVEGAS OF NITRO GLYCERINE COMPOUND!!!

-NEXT DAY-

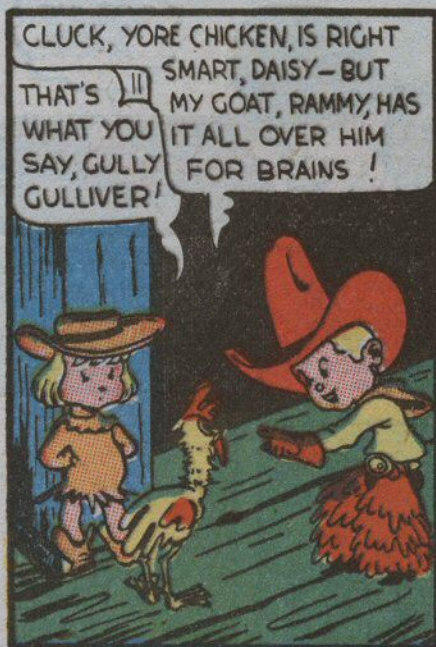
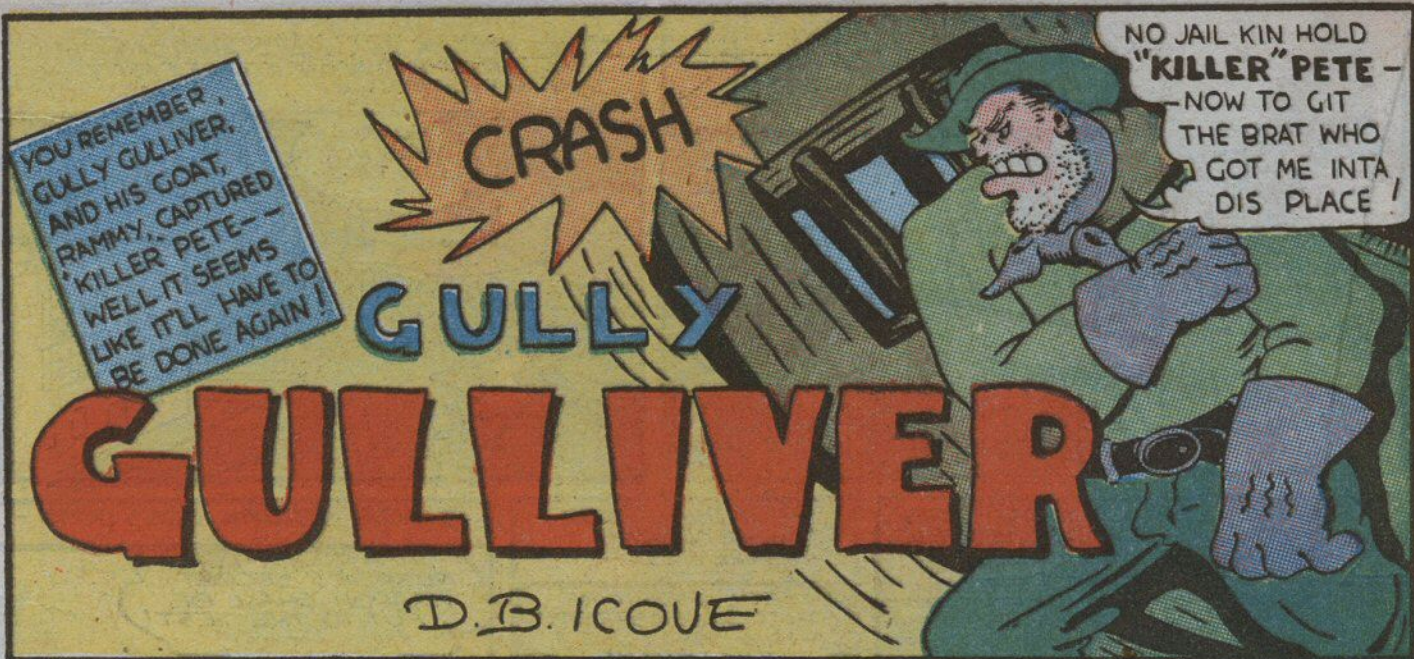
IT'S NOT A SERIOUS WOUND, SILVER STREAK!
 YOU'LL BE UP AND AROUND IN TWO OR THREE DAYS!!!

HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, WHIZ, BUT I'M GOING TO BE UP AND AROUND A LOT SOONER THAN THAT!!!
 -WE'RE NOT STOPPING UNTIL WEVE HAD A SHOWDOWN WITH THE IRON JAW!

-BUT THE SAFETY OF OUR NATION IS STILL AT STAKE -

SILVER STREAK REALLY 'GOES TO TOWN' WHEN HE MEETS UP WITH THE MOST AMAZING CRIMINAL EVER KNOWN - THE "IRON JAW" IN NEXT MONTH'S SILVER STREAK COMICS!







HO, HO / DESE ROCKS DOES
PURTY NEAR AS MUCH
DAMAGE AS BOMBS FROM
DIS HEIGHT!

CRASH

GOSH, IS THAT CLUCK GOING TO JUST
STAND THERE WITH A CHANCE LIKE THIS?



NOW TA T'ROW
DOSE BRATS
OVER AND
DEN TAKE IT
ON DA LAMB!

I GUESS WE CAN GIVE UP NOW!

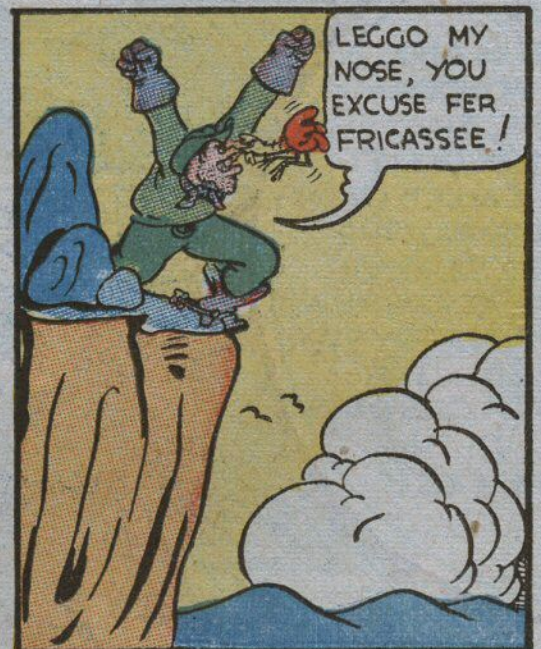


NO, WAIT! SOMETHING'S
COME OVER CLUCK!

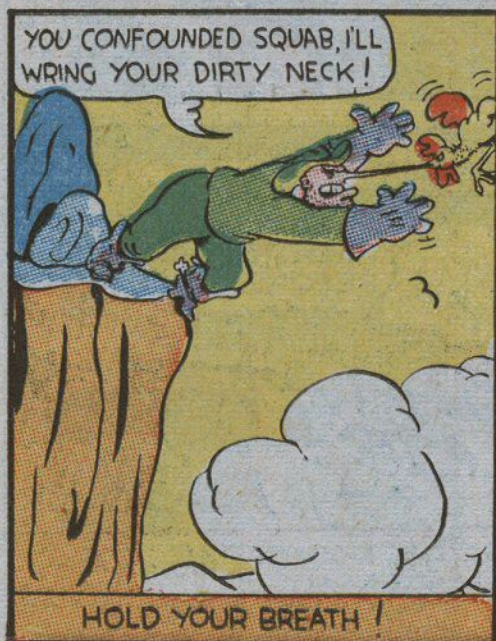


HEY !!

MAYBE HE HAS A PLAN- LET'S SEE!



LEGGO MY
NOSE, YOU
EXCUSE FER
FRICASSEE!



YOU CONFOUNDED SQUAB, I'LL
WRING YOUR DIRTY NECK!

HOLD YOUR BREATH!



I NEVER
DID LIKE
CHICKEN
NOHOW!

SNAP

WHOOOPS!



I STILL SAY RAMMY
WOULD'A HANDLED
THIS FASTER AND
MORE DIRECT!

NONSENSE! THE
WAY CLUCK TIMED
THE WHOLE THING
WAS A WORK
OF ART!

"KILLER" PETE
STRAIGHT
DOWN
G.G.

WATCH HOW RUSTLERS ARE HANDLED
IN NEXT ISSUE OF "SILVER STREAK"!

CLOUD CURTIS

And his GOLDEN BULLET

CLOUD CURTIS AND HIS WONDER-PLANE, THE GOLDEN BULLET, ARE CALLED UPON TO COMBAT THE MOST SERIOUS THREAT AMERICA'S AIR INDUSTRY EVER FACED.... THE NOTORIOUS GANG CALLED THE "WINGERS"!

LOOK, CLOUD! A WRECKED PLANE!

CLOUD FINDS A CENTRAL MAIL PLANE WRECKED IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT....

STRANGE HE SHOULD MENTION SNOW ON THE WING. HMM...

WITH THE UTMOST SPEED, CLOUD AND HIS COMPANIONS, DASH FOR MEDICAL AID...

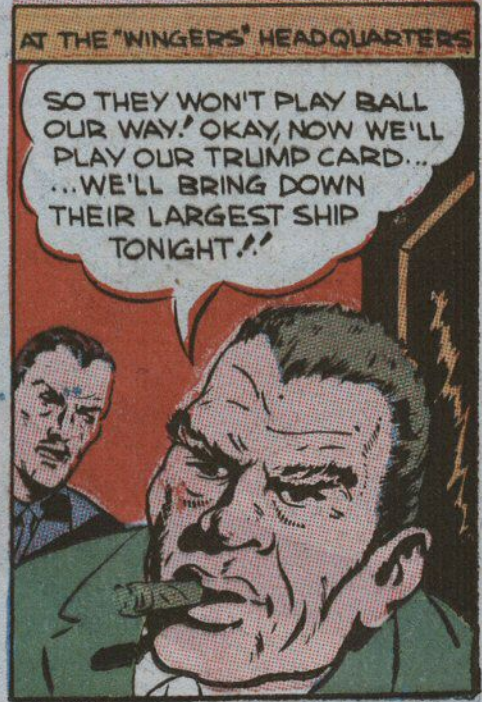
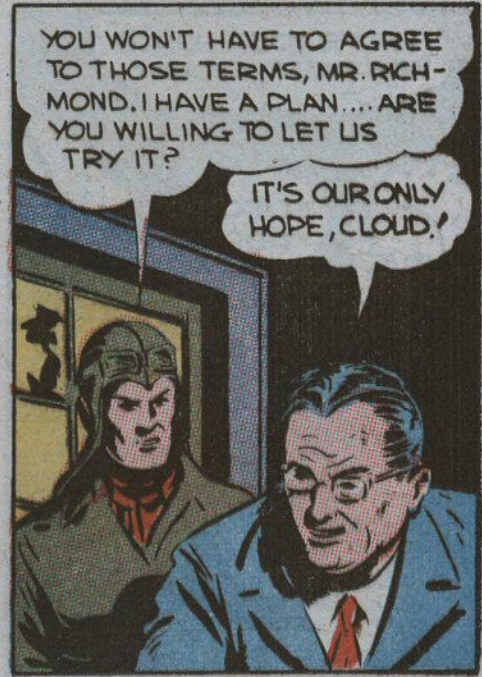
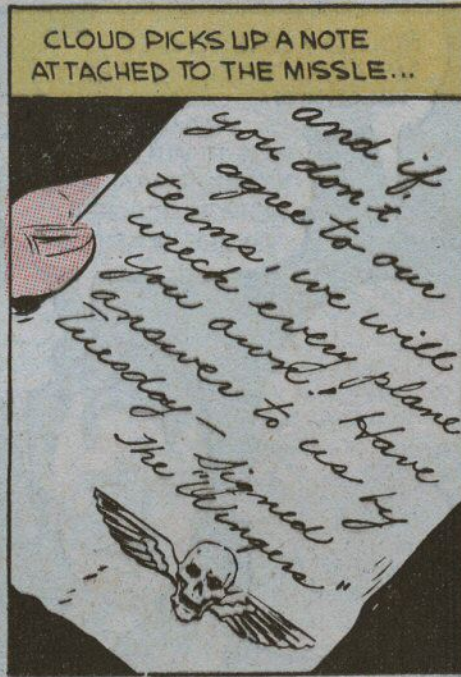
LATER, AT CENTRAL AIRPORT...

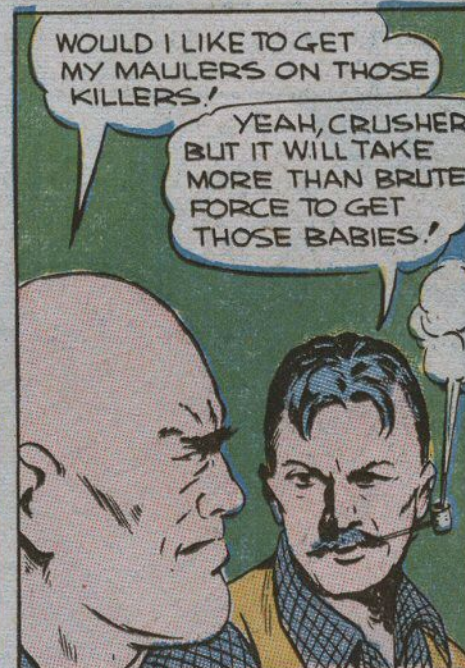
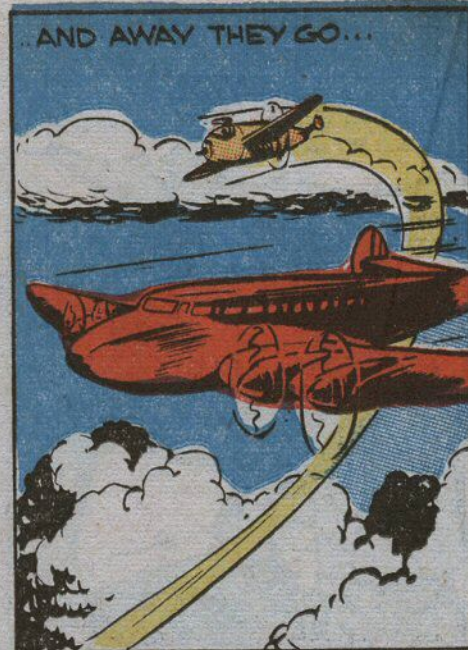
IT'S A SHAME WE COULDN'T GET THAT PILOT TO A HOSPITAL BEFORE HE DIED!

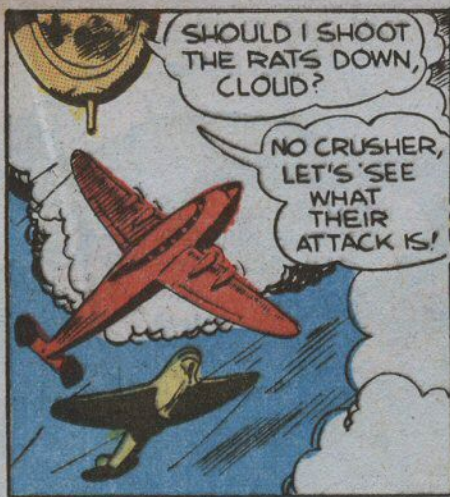
THEY RUSH TO THE MAIN OFFICE TO SEE THE PRESIDENT...

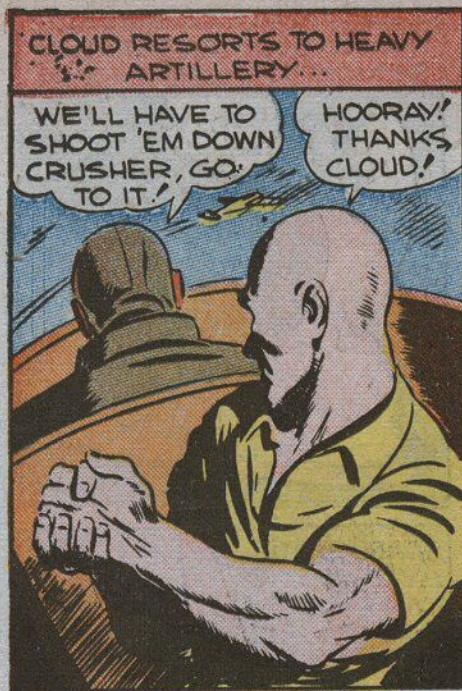
S.S. SNOW ON THE WING...
WHAT HAPPENED, BUD?

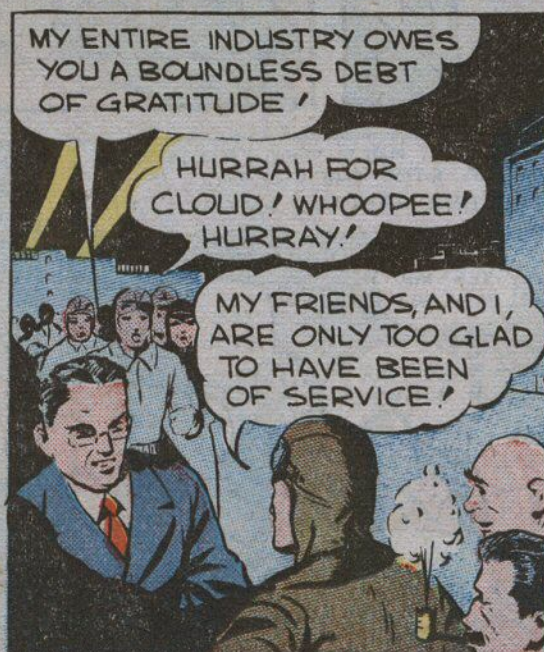
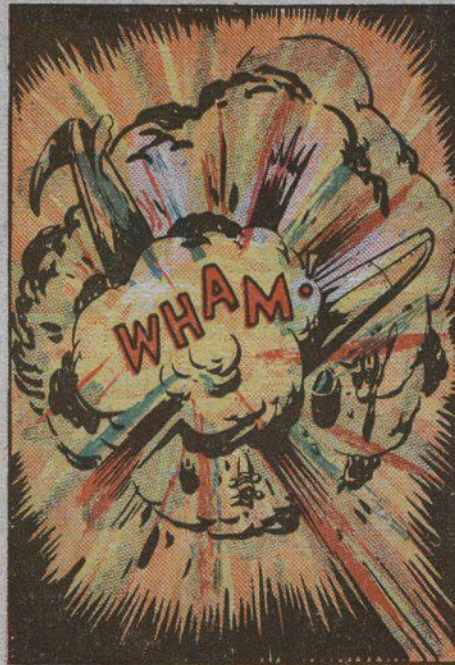
SNOW? THE POOR CHAP IS DELIRIOUS!



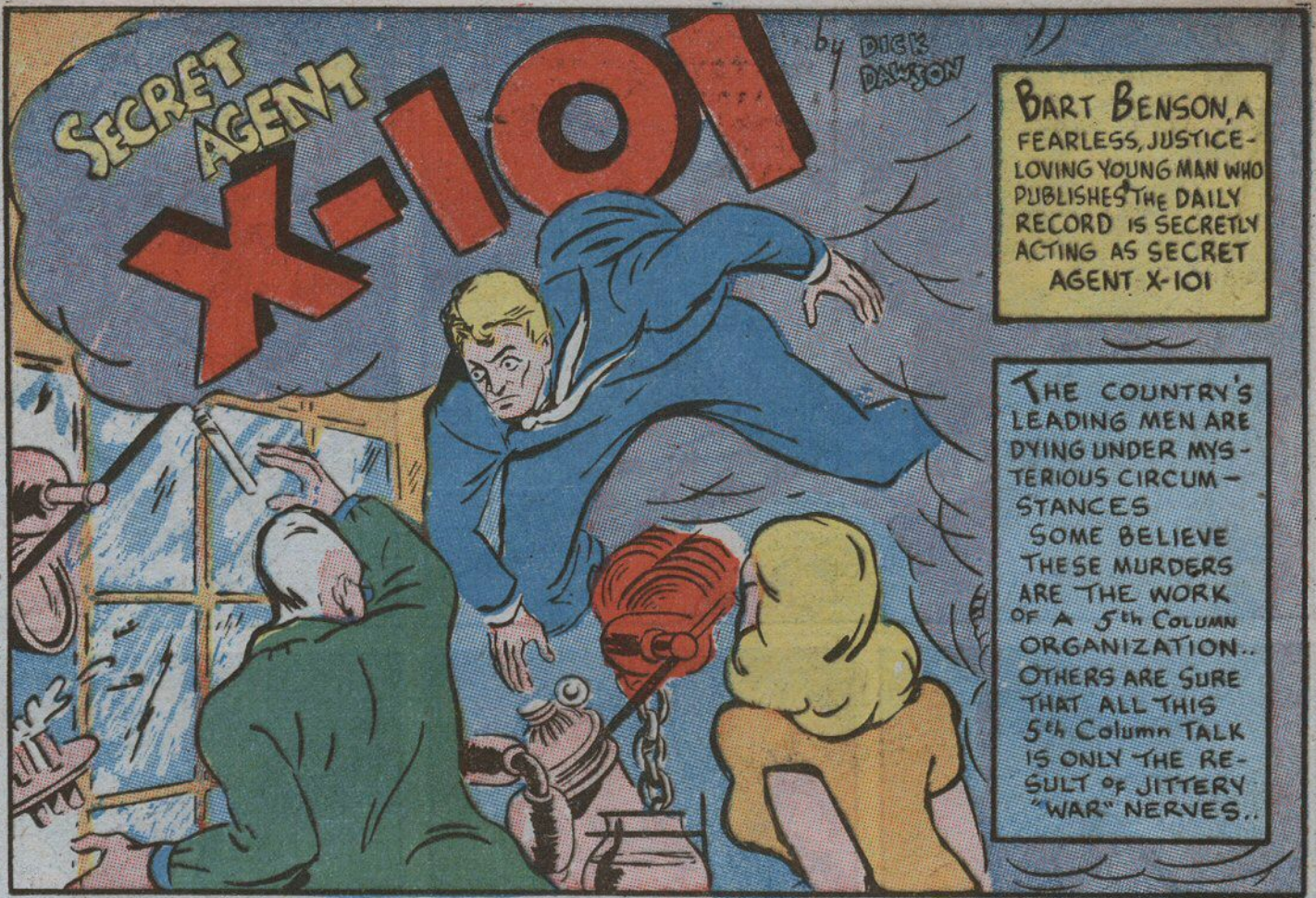






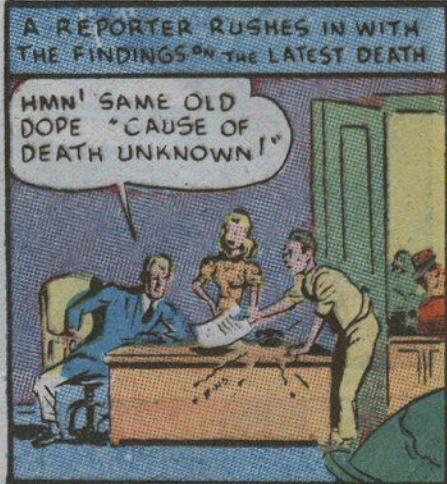


DON'T MISS CLOUD CURTIS AND HIS GOLDEN BULLET IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF - SILVERSTREAK - COMICS - HE MEETS A CHALLENGE THAT TAXES HIS MATCHLESS BRAVERY, AND BRILLIANT RESOURCEFULNESS, ALMOST TO THE VERY BREAKING POINT.

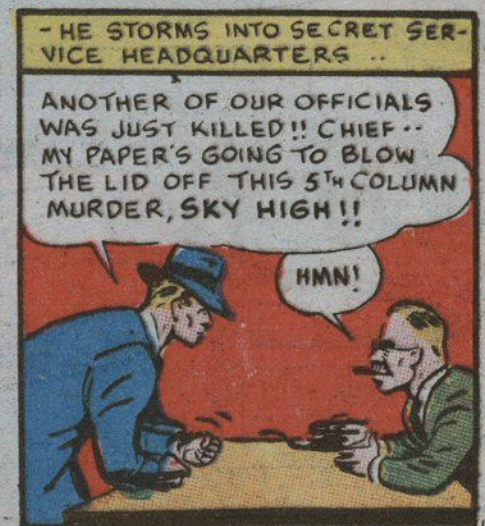
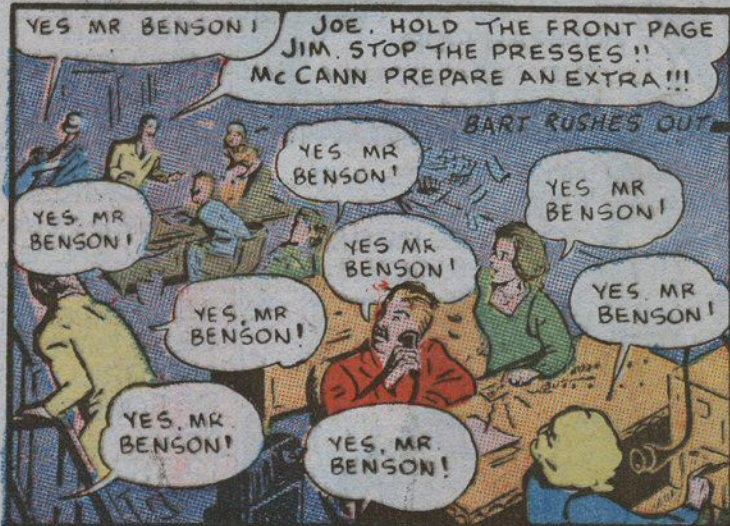


BART BENSON, A FEARLESS, JUSTICE-LOVING YOUNG MAN WHO PUBLISHES THE DAILY RECORD IS SECRETLY ACTING AS SECRET AGENT X-101

THE COUNTRY'S LEADING MEN ARE DYING UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES SOME BELIEVE THESE MURDERS ARE THE WORK OF A 5TH COLUMN ORGANIZATION. OTHERS ARE SURE THAT ALL THIS 5th COLUMN TALK IS ONLY THE RESULT OF JITTERY "WAR" NERVES..



ANOTHER DEATH IN THE OFFICIAL FAMILY!



HMN!

BART ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE --

WHAT'LL YOU USE FOR EVIDENCE WHEN YOUR READERS ASK WHO? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? AND HOW?

I GET IT, CHIEF -- YOU MEAN THAT I NEED PROOF! VERY WELL I'LL DIG IT UP AT ONCE!

WUXTRY! WUXTRY! ALL ABOUT MURWOBBLE-UMBUMBUM! WUXTRY!!!

HERE BOY! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I'LL BUY ONE OF MY VERY OWN!

DAILY RECORD

SEC'Y OF STATE MURDERED!

BY 5TH COLUMNISTS!!

ANOTHER AND ONLY THE BEST OF THE BEST

MCCANN SURE WRITES A GRAND HEADLINE -- NOW FOR CHAPTER TWO!

TAXI! HEY TAXI!

I MUST HURRY BACK TO THE OFFICE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE TAXIS?

SCREECH!

HEY! WHAT THE --

AW GET IN AND SHUT UP!

WELL! THE SNOOPING NEWSBOY, IN PERSON!

AS I LIVE, SANDRA, QUEEN OF THE UNDERWORLD!

TAKE THAT, YOU SNEERING GOVERNMENT STOOL PIGEON! I'D FINISH YOU OFF NOW BUT THE HIGH ONE HAS RESERVED THAT PLEASURE FOR HIMSELF!

THANK YOU FOR A LOVELY RIDE, SANDRA.

GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT, WISE GUY... IT'S YOUR LAST!

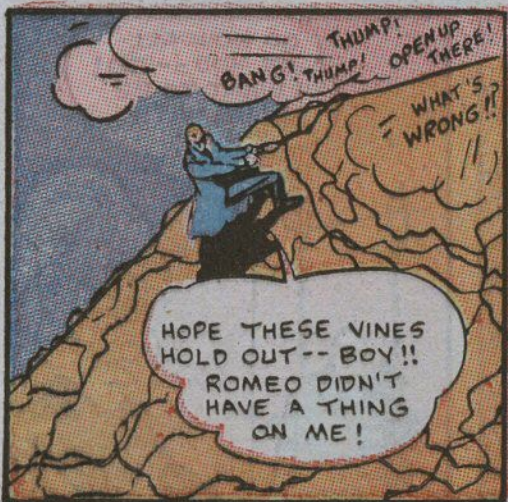
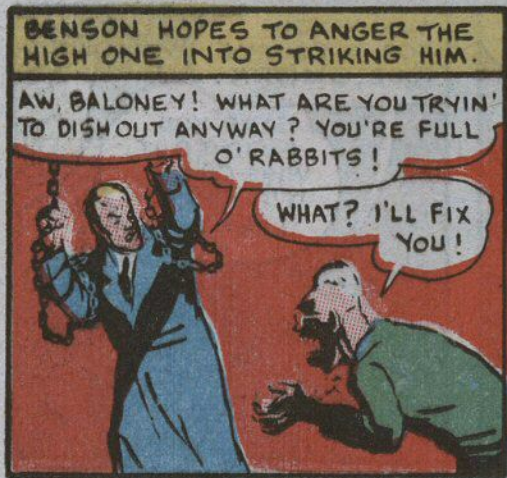
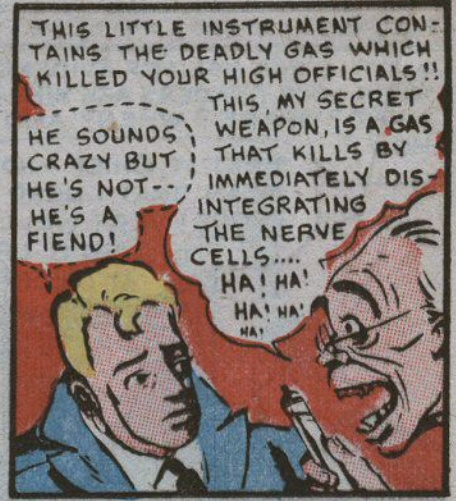
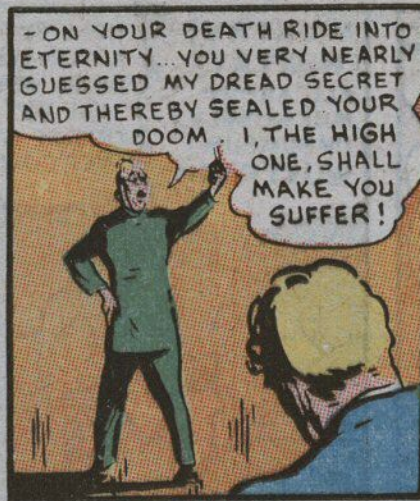
ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE MANSION WHICH IS FAR UP THE HUDSON AND IS THE FOREIGN AGENT HIDEOUT.

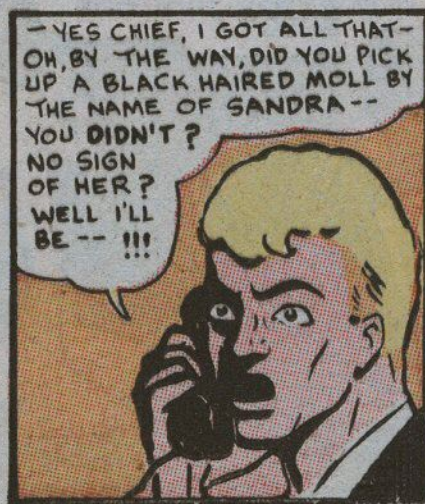
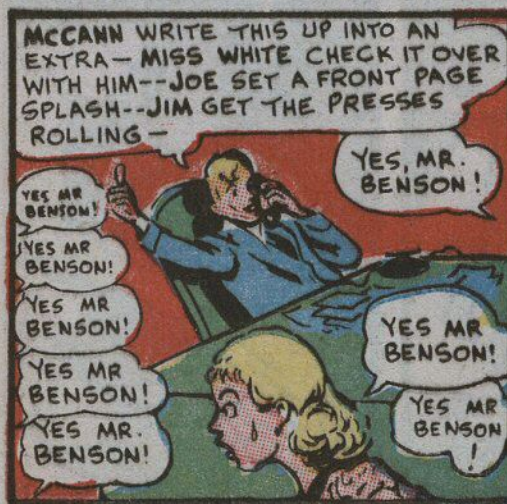
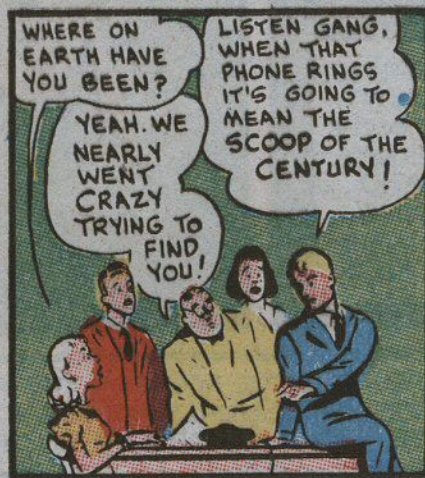
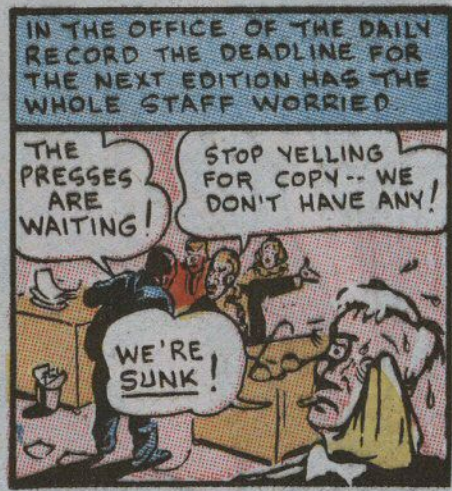
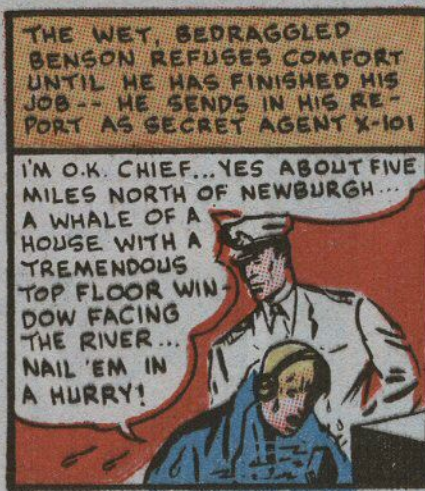
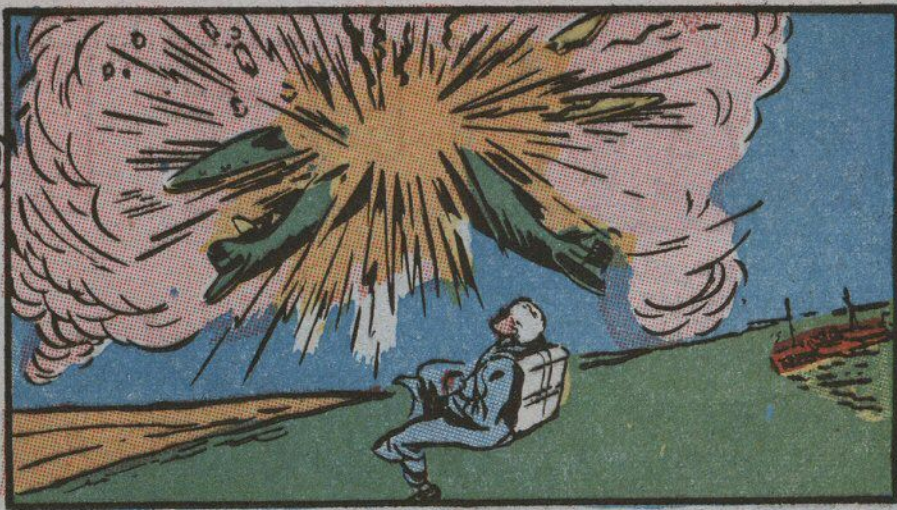
HIGH ONE, HERE HE IS!

WELL, I'LL BE A LABORATORY. WHY?

AHHHHH! YOU HAVE DONE VERY WELL MY LITTLE SANDRA! OTTO, ADOLPH... ATTEND TO HIM!

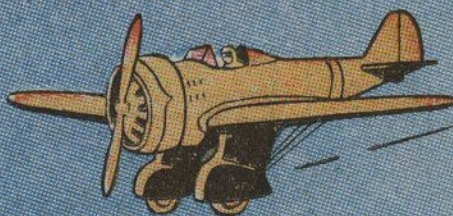
GO NOW ALL OF YOU -- GO! I WANT TO BE ALONE WITH HIM!





LANCE HALE

AN AIRPLANE-
IT'S MOTOR HAS GONE
DEAD / IT'LL
CRASH-



BUT THE PILOT OF THE STRANGE PLANE MANAGES
TO MAKE A PANCAKE LANDING IN A SMALL POND.



LANCE HALE, A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,
IS MAKING THE JUNGLE HIS PRESENT
HOME AND HAS BECOME EXPERT IN THE
USE OF THE WEAPONS OF THE WILDERNESS
SUCH AS THE KNIFE, SPEAR, BOW AND
ARROW. ONE DAY WHILE HUNTING
IN THE IJUBI FOREST HE SPIES AN AIR-
PLANE GLIDING OVER THE TREETOPS.

INSTEAD OF WATER, THE
POND IS A DEATHTRAP OF
CLINGING QUICKSAND-

OH! MY GOSH / QUICKSAND-
I SHOULD HAVE CRASHED
IN THE TREE-TOPS!



RACING TO THE SCENE IN THE NICK OF
TIME, LANCE HURLS HIS SPEAR - WITH A
VINE ATTACHED - INTO THE SINKING PLANE.

HANG ONTO THAT VINE
BUDDY!



THANKS MR! YOU
SAVED MY LIFE THE
ENGINE -



UNNOTICED BY LANCE DURING HIS RESCUE OF THE AVIATOR A GROUP OF SAVAGE PYGMIES HAS CREPT UP AND SURROUNDED THE PAIR...

DON'T SHOOT - THESE PYGMIES ARE DANGEROUS AND THEY HAVE THE DRAW ON US!



UOY ERA SRENOSIRP - EMOC HTIW SU!



HE SAYS WE HAVE TO GO WITH HIM! WELL - COME ON, MAYBE WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO ESCAPE LATER!

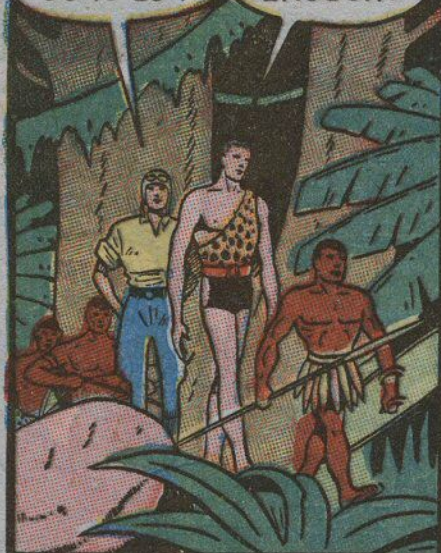


AS THEY ARE RELIEVED OF THEIR WEAPONS AND MARCHED TO THE PYGMIES' VILLAGE LANCE LEARNS THAT HIS FELLOW CAPTIVE IS JIM THORNE, AN AVIATOR, WHO WAS FLYING FROM CAIRO TO CAPETOWN.



I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO TO US?

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!



AFTER A FEW HOURS MARCH THE PYGMIES AND THEIR CAPTIVES REACH A PRIMITIVE VILLAGE IN THE TREES.



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH TIME GETTING OUT OF HERE - THESE PYGMIES KNOW THEIR TREES!

I ONLY HOPE THIS BRIDGE HOLDS!



HIGH UP IN THE TREES LANCE AND JIM ARE HELD CAPTIVE.

AND WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO PUT UP A FIGHT!



RUMMAGING THROUGH HIS POCKETS JIM FINDS HIS CIGARETTE LIGHTER WHICH THE SAVAGES OVERLOOKED.

IT WORKS, LANCE! WE CAN SET FIRE TO THIS TREE-TOP VILLAGE AND GET AWAY IN THE CONFUSION, MAYBE!



IN A FEW MINUTES
THE PRISON SHACK
IS IN FLAMES FROM
WHICH LANCE AND
JIM BURST FORTH—



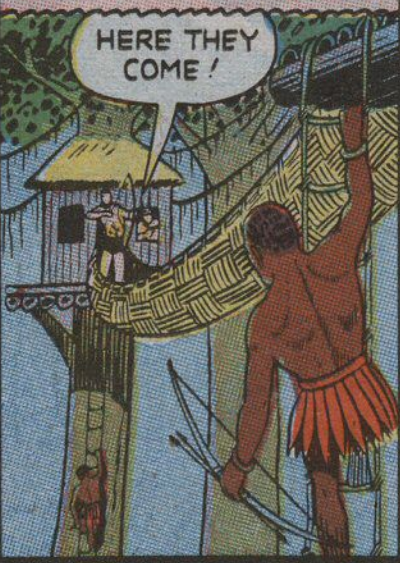
QUICKLY SEIZING A HANGING VINE, LANCE
GRABS JIM AND SWINGS AWAY FROM A
GUARD TRYING TO STOP THEM!



THIS IS WHERE
THEY PUT OUR
WEAPONS!



REARMED, LANCE AND JIM
AWAIT AN ATTACK FROM
THE ENRAGED PYGMIES—



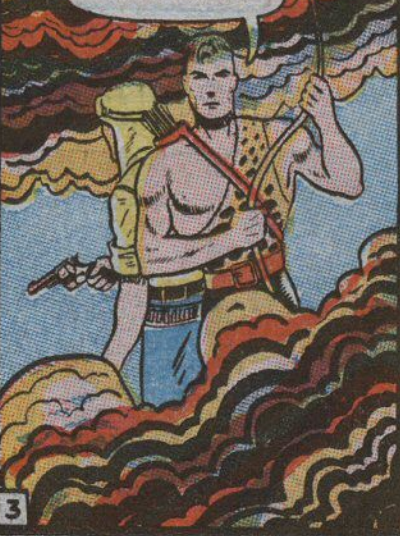
AS THE SAVAGES ATTEMPT TO
RUSH THEM JIM'S GUN AND
LANCE'S BOW TAKE HEAVY TOLL—



FALLING BACK, THE PYGMIES TURN
THEIR ATTENTION TO FIGHTING THE
FIRE SPREADING IN THEIR TREE HOMES.



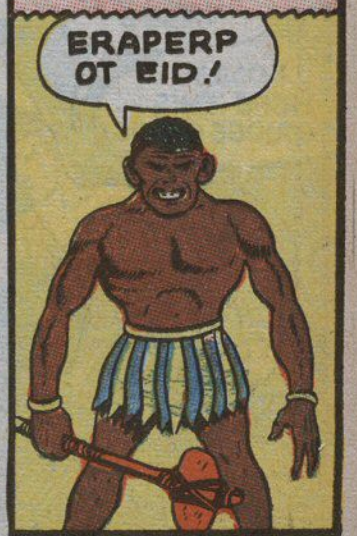
NOW'S OUR CHANCE
WHILE THEY TRY TO
SAVE THEIR VILLAGE—
HANG ON!

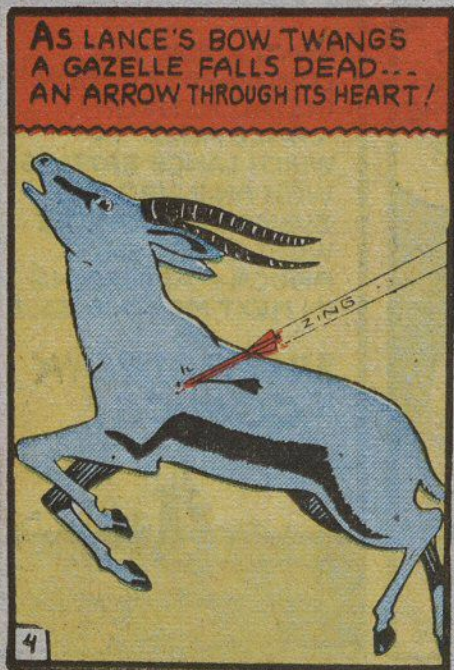
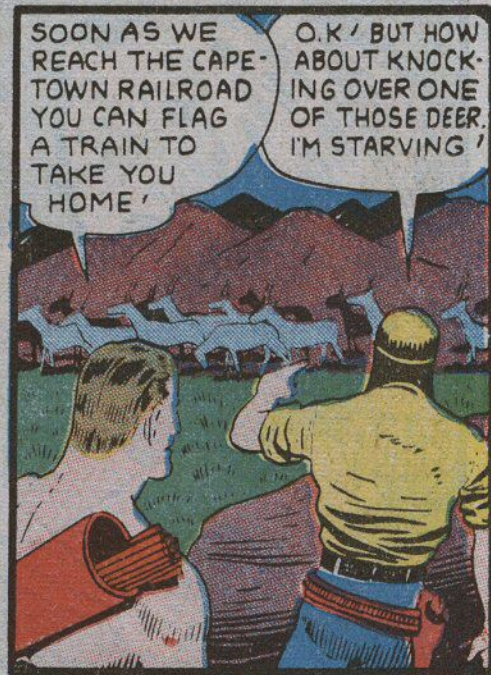
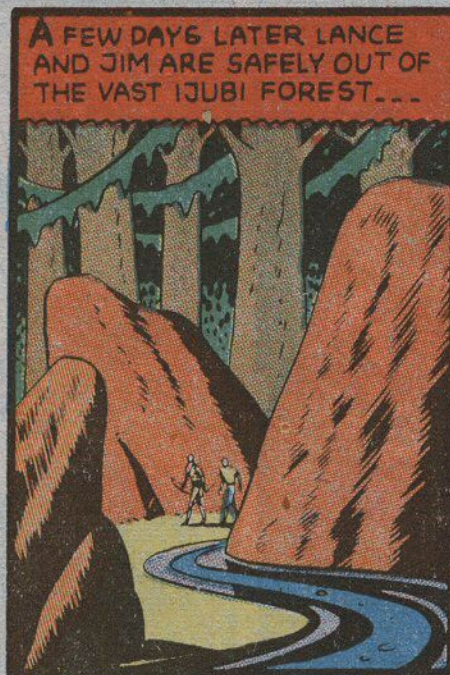
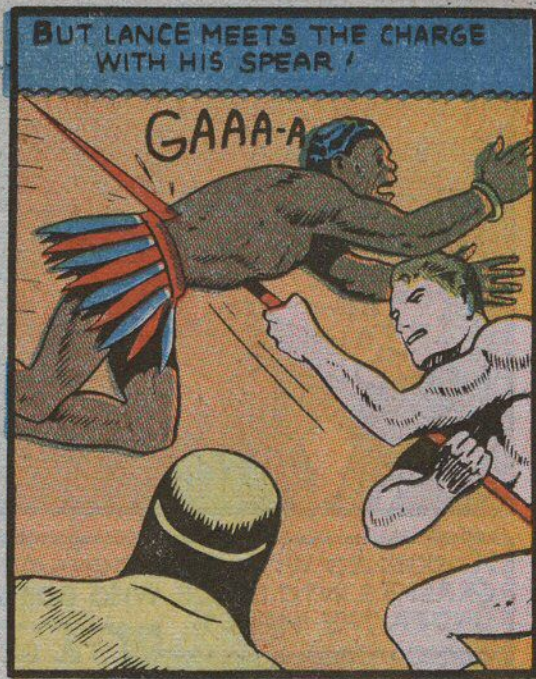
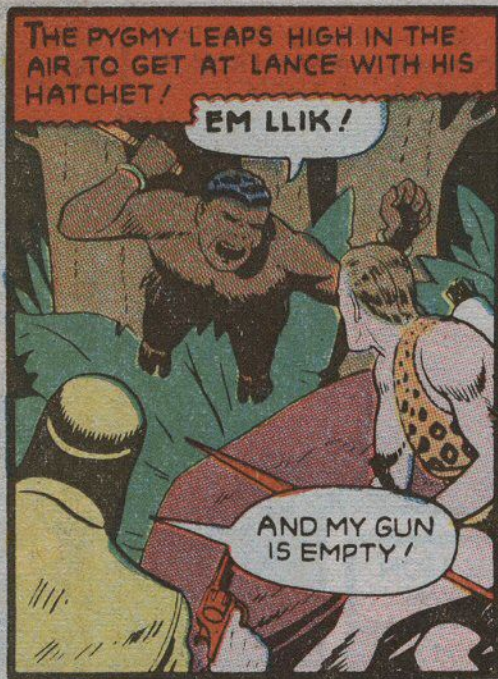


WITH JIM HANGING ON, LANCE SWINGS
QUICKLY TO THE GROUND!



BUT ONE LAST FIERCE
SAVAGE STANDS
BETWEEN LANCE AND
LIBERTY!





QUICKLY LANCE HURLS HIS SPEAR INTO THE ONRUSHING BEAST!

HE'S ONLY WOUNDED!

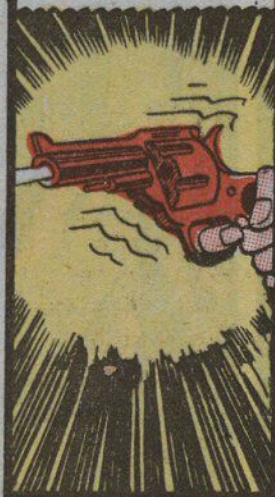


MADDENED WITH PAIN THE SAVAGE LION CRASHES INTO LANCE WHO GOES DOWN UNDER THE IMPACT.

I'LL GET HIM!



NOT A SPLIT-SECOND TOO SOON JIM EMPTIES HIS GUN INTO THE BIG CAT'S HEART!



I KILLED HIM!

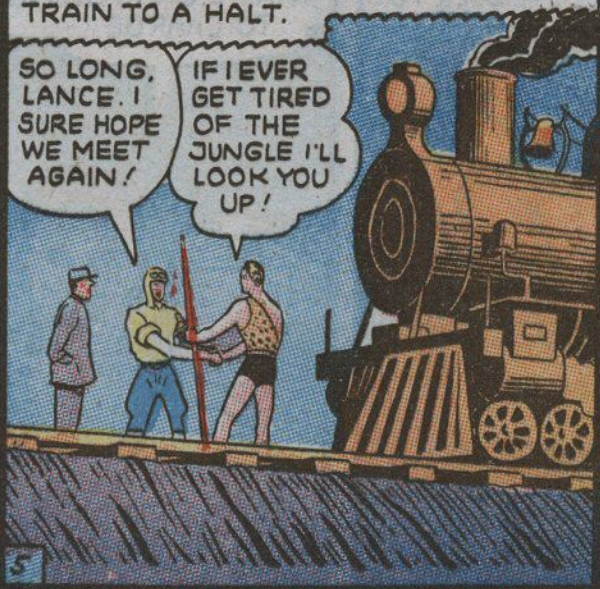
I'LL SAY-AND JUST IN TIME-WOW! WAS THIS A CLOSE SHAVE!



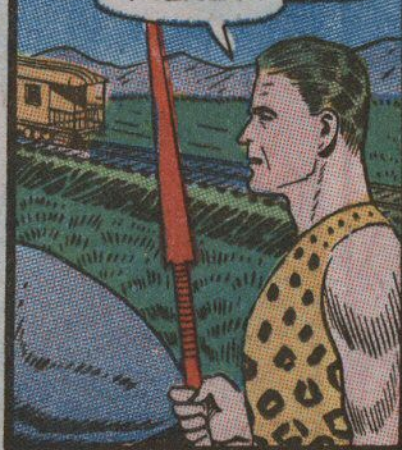
A FEW DAYS LATER LANCE AND JIM REACH THE RAILROAD AND FLAG A TRAIN TO A HALT.

SO LONG, LANCE. I SURE HOPE WE MEET AGAIN!

IF I EVER GET TIRED OF THE JUNGLE I'LL LOOK YOU UP!



WELL! SINCE THINGS ARE SO QUIET AROUND HERE I THINK I'LL GO TO THE COAST. I HEAR BY THE TOM-TOM THAT THERE IS A BIT OF ACTION THERE!



WATCH FOR THE COMING FAST ACTION INSTALLMENT OF "LANCE HALE" IN WHICH LANCE BATTLES WITH AN INVADING SUBMARINE OFF THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA - APPEARING IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **SILVERSTREAK COMICS!**



PRESENTING A NEW
MOVIE SERIAL STORY

BY SILVER FILMS
STUDIOS

PART
2

The Silver Ranger



AND HIS WONDER HORSE *Lucifer* IN THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAND or DESERT JUSTICE WINS AGAIN

by CARL FORMES

THE howling wind rose to a scream of fury as it swept across the slightly hummocked prairie. Now and then during a lull in the storm's angry cry, a lone coyote sent forth its dismal hunger call, over the lonely, deserted waste.

Is that a rider, bobbing up and down in the distance? Surely not. No one would venture out on a night like this. But it is a rider. And coming at an incredible speed. Closer, closer he comes, the thunderous hoofs of his jet-black horse streaking along like seven-league boots on a black devil. He is near — here — no, gone! It is the Silver Ranger astride his black wonder horse, Lucifer—away on some errand of justice.

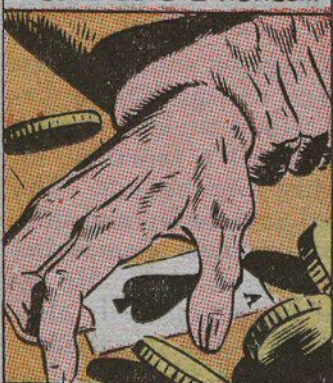
Four men sat at the gambling table in the back of the Crystal palace saloon. Slick Hanson, professional gambler and the real owner of the saloon, in all his finery from patent leather boots and black silk vest, with heavy gold watch chain, to bulky Ascot tie; two ordinary hangers-on and Roy Penwell, a young ranch owner, who's habit of always wearing a Navajo vest of brilliant hue was known to every one for miles around. Hanson was dealing and—as usual—winning. Roy watched the smooth, effortless performance through narrowed eyes. Suddenly, with the speed of a striking cobra, the ranchman's sledge-like hand shot out and pinioned the dealer's hand to the table in the very act of palming an ace. He coldly grinned into the ashen-white face across the table and said:

"I sorter figured that your uncanny winning was more than just a whim of Dame Fortune." Caught red-handed, Slick Hanson tried the only card left in his pack—bluff.

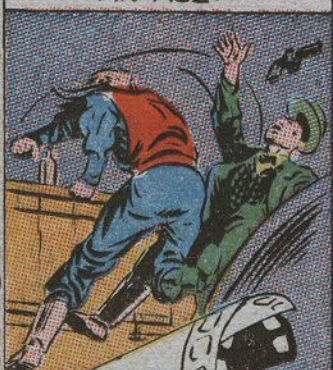
"Why, you—" the gambler screamed, drawing his pearl-handled gun. He did not get any further. Roy sent the table spinning, kicked the gun out of Slick's hand, grabbing that male fashionplate by his fancy Ascot tie, Roy looked him square in the eye for a split second, and then struck a tremendous blow. The gambler went crashing against the bar, knocking over two tall spittoons in his hurried flight, and finally untangling himself from behind the foot rail of the bar—his gartorial splendor



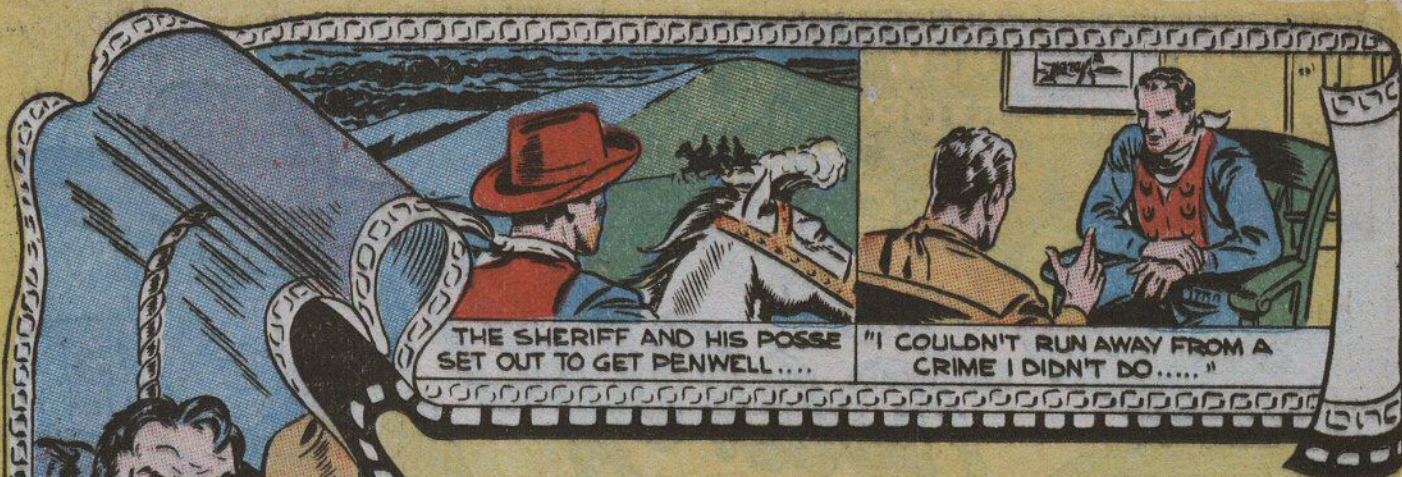
A LONE COYOTE HOWLS...



THE GAMBLER PALMS AN ACE!



ROY SENT THE GAMBLER SPINNING...



THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE
SET OUT TO GET PENWELL....

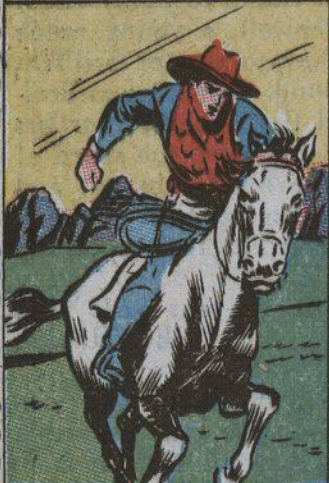
"I COULDN'T RUN AWAY FROM A
CRIME I DIDN'T DO...."



"STRING HIM UP!
HANG HIM!"



PENWELL CAUGHT THIS
SKUNK CHEATING AT
CARDS."



"LUCIFER, GO,
LUCIFER!"

Jack Binder

sorry sight indeed. In the calm that followed the storm, Roy failed to notice a signal that passed between the barkeeper and Slick.

"Step right up, gentlemen," orated the dispenser of drinks, who posed as the owner of the saloon, "Drinks are on the house." "Got my Private Stock for you, Mr. Penwell—Ha! ha! Only for special occasions!" Roy sauntered up to the bar, little realizing that each step was carrying him closer to the gallows.

A short time later, two of Slick's henchmen carried an unconscious man into the little room behind the saloon, and dumped him on the couch. It was Roy Penwell.

"How long will that 'Private Stock' keep him under?" Slick snapped at the bartender. Satisfied with the answer, he continued:

"You, Roper, put on his vest and hat. You're just about his size. With that vest on, you can pass for him anywhere, if you keep your ugly snoot covered. Old widow Stokes has just sold that south acreage. She must have the money cached somewhere. Torture her into ponying up. Don't be too gentle with the old hag—but don't you kill her. She is my ace in the hole. I'll be waitin' for you and the money—here."

That night, the again resplendant Slick Hanson could be seen driving into town in his spangle new carriage, and pulling up before the sheriff's office. Beside him sat old widow Stokes. As the gambler guided the old woman into the sheriff's sanctum, he almost collided with the Silver Ranger, just coming out. The Ranger hesitated a moment after the two had gone on in, and then wheeled to return to the sheriff's place of business. Something that he heard, as he came to the door, arrested his steps. He remained standing at the door. What he now heard, suddenly electrified him into action. He was out of the building in two strides, into the saddle of the black wonder-horse. With "Lucifer, Go, Lucifer!" they were off like the wind, out of town and riding hard up the old Pony Express road.

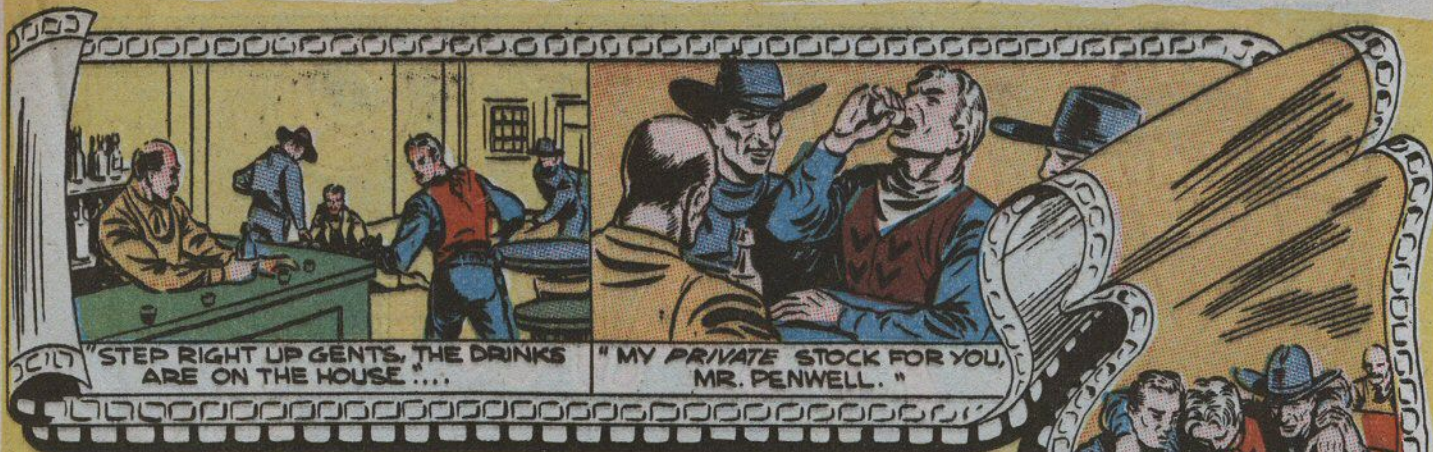
The Silver Ranger was sitting with Roy Penwell in the latter's ranch house. Roy had just finished telling him the happenings of the day.

"I've known your family for years," said the Ranger. "I felt sure that you couldn't rob an old woman. Some of Slick's gang impersonated you while you were doped. But you better vamoose just the same."

"I couldn't run away from a crime I didn't do," replied the young rancher. "I'm powerful thankful to you, stranger, but when the sheriff comes, I'll be here." No amount of arguing could alter his resolve.

Returning to town, the Silver Ranger passed the Sheriff and his posse riding hard in the direction of Roy Penwell's ranch.

An angry crowd was surging and milling around, the greater part of them made brave by Slick's cheap whiskey. Roy Penwell



was held by three men—a rope was noosed around his neck. Slick had gotten rid of the sheriff by sending him off on a fake call. The gambler was holding forth to the crowd. Next, to cheating and stealing, this was Slick's favorite occupation.

"... this dirty, low-down skunk of a Roy Penwell," the gambler orated, "goes to the home of a defenseless old woman, tortures her, and robs her of her few dollars. There isn't any question of his guilt! The widow Stokes has clearly identified him, as who couldn't by that loud Indian vest. His guilt settled, the only remaining question is, what to do with the polecat? I say string him up, hang him, riddle—!"

He stopped dead. The rope fastened to Roy's neck was already dangling down from an overhead branch of the tree under which they stood—when a man on a jet-black horse rode into the crowd, which melted away before him like snow before a blow torch. He leaped from his horse onto the platform beside the orating gambler, and grabbing him by the scruff of the neck with one hand, raised his other for silence. At this point the sheriff and his posse thundered up. They had a prisoner with them. A very much crestfallen Mr. Roper.

"Men," began the Silver Ranger. "I forced a confession from Roper over there. He stole the money from widow Stokes, but at the command of this wiggling rat in my hand. Roy Penwell, as good a man as you'll find in these or any other parts, caught Slick Hanson cheating at cards this afternoon. Out of revenge, the skunk had him doped with knock-out drops, put his Indian vest on Roper, who is just about Roy's build, sent him to the widow Stokes, and you know the rest." He reached down to the slit in the gambler's Prince Albert coat—there was a ripping, tearing sound, and the coat was torn from bottom to top. He quickly slid his hand into the lining, and brought forth an old pigskin wallet.

"Here is your money, Mrs. Stokes," Silver Ranger called out. "Better put it in the bank in the morning!"

After the outlaws had all been safely jailed, and the back-patting on Roy's broad shoulders had slackened up a bit, he turned to the sheriff and asked:

"Where is that man who did all this, sheriff? My stars, but for him, I'd be deader'n a mackerel now."

"Why, he was here this very minute," replied the puzzled lawman. From the outskirts of the crowd came a call: "Lucifer, Go, Lucifer!" The Silver Ranger, his work finished, was already away. This intrepid, fearless dispenser of justice never waits for thanks.

Don't miss The Silver Ranger's hair-raising, wildly blood-stirring, spine-chilling adventures in next month's Silver Streak Comica.

THE END



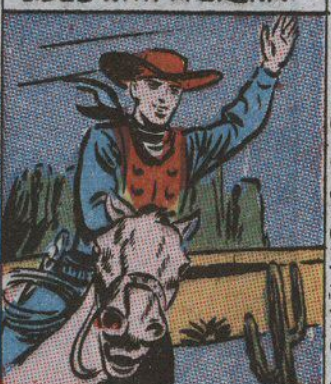
KNOCKOUT DROPS DO THEIR DEADLY WORK..



YOU, ROPER, PUT ON HIS VEST AND HAT.



SILVER RANGER COLLIDES WITH A SKUNK



LUCIFER, GO, LUCIFER!



PRESTO MARTIN

BY
BOB WOOD

AS CAPTAIN OF MANHATTAN'S DETECTIVES, CRIME-BUSTING IS PRESTO MARTIN'S JOB—YEARS OF STUDY IN THE ART OF DISGUISE, COUPLED WITH THE DISCOVERY HE MADE WHILE IN COLLEGE, A PLASTIC PUTTY HAVING ADHERENT QUALITIES TO THE SKIN, WHICH ENABLES HIM TO ASSUME ANY FACIAL FEATURES HE MIGHT WISH IN A MOMENTS NOTICE, HAVE MADE HIM FAR AND AWAY THE GREATEST QUICK CHANGE ARTIST THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN. THIS ART HE USES TO ADVANTAGE IN HIS CEASELESS BATTLE AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD—BUT NOW ARISES TO THE FORE ONE WHO IS TO PROVE TO BE PRESTO'S MOST DANGEROUS OPPONENT YET, ONE KNOWN AS...



The Domino!

IN THE HEART OF MIDTOWN NEW YORK—DOMINIC LEONETTI, ALIAS THE "DOMINO" FLAMES IN RAGE AT HIS SWANK NIGHT SPOT THE "RED ROUSE"—FOR MONTHS NOW THE LAW HAS BEEN ENDEAVORING TO SHUT THE PLACE DOWN BUT ALWAYS THE SLICK LEONETTI HAS HAD AN ALIBI FOR WHATEVER CHARGES WERE BROUGHT AGAINST HIM!



SO BIRO RATTED ON ME, EH? YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS—HAVE HIM HERE AT EIGHT TONIGHT!

OKAY, BOSS, HE'LL BE HERE!!

EIGHT OCLOCK THAT EVENING

WHAT'S DE IDEA, BOSS? Y'AIN'T GONNA MURDER ME ARE YA??

COME IN, CHICK—DON'T LOOK SO NERVOUS—



YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, CHICK—I NEVER MURDER ANYONE—BUT WHEN SOME ONE CROSES ME UP, THE TWO OF US JUST GOTTA PLAY MY LITTLE "GAME OF DEATH," NATURALLY THE LOSER—DIES!!



LEONETTI'S "GAME OF DEATH" IS IN REALITY A GAME OF DOMINOS, HIS FAVORITE PAST-TIME FOR YEARS—ANYONE WHO KNOWS HIM, KNOWS THAT HE HAS AS YET TO BE DEFEATED AT THIS GAME—



TOO BAD BIRO—

Y-Y-MEAN—I LOST ALREADY?

YEAH, BIRO, THIS GAME IS UP AND SO IS YOURS—ANY LAST WORDS?

GEE—DON'T BOSS, PLEASE DON'T—I-I AAAH!!

SO LONG BIRO?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT
THE CLOSET DOOR OPENS-



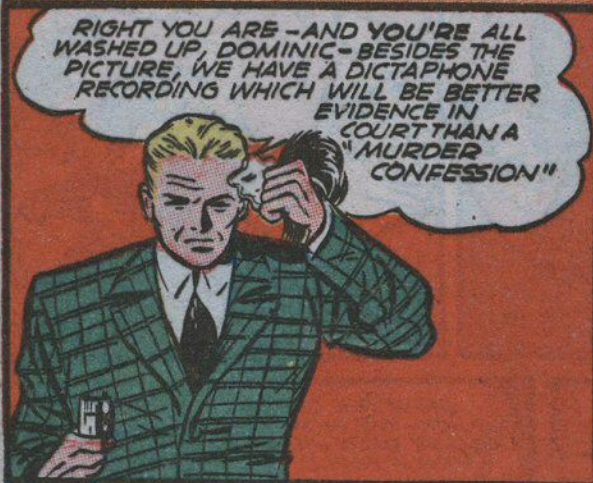
THE FLASH STARTLES THE THUGS WHO SWING ABOUT IN ITS DIRECTION-
INSTANTLY-THE ASSUMED DEAD MAN LEAPS TO HIS FEET.....



BUT WHY WASN'T
PRESTO KILLED??

EXPLANATION:
WHEN ON ANY
SORT OF A
DANGEROUS
MISSION, PRESTO
ALWAYS WEARS
A BULLET-PROOF
VEST!!!

PRESTO REMOVES HIS DISGUISE-



BUT AS PRESTO IS COMPLETING HIS CALL-

MURPHY IS EASY PREY FOR THE AGE OLD GAG--THE DOMINO SAILS INTO HIM--



BEFORE THE THUGS CAN DRAW THEIR GUNS--PRESTO DROPS THE PHONE AND CHARGES THEM--



PRESTO PROCEEDS TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE GANGSTERS.



BY THIS TIME THE DOMINO IS GETTING THE BETTER OF HIS TUSSELE WITH MURPHY, WHEN HE SEIZES A GUN--



WITH MURPHY OUT OF THE WAY THE MAD DOMINO RUSHES TOWARD PRESTO.



A SAVAGE COWARDLY BLOW FROM BEHIND--PRESTO GOES DOWN--

THE DOMINO SOON REVIVES HIS MEN--

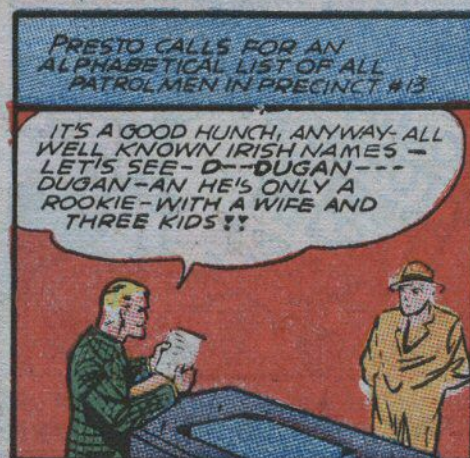
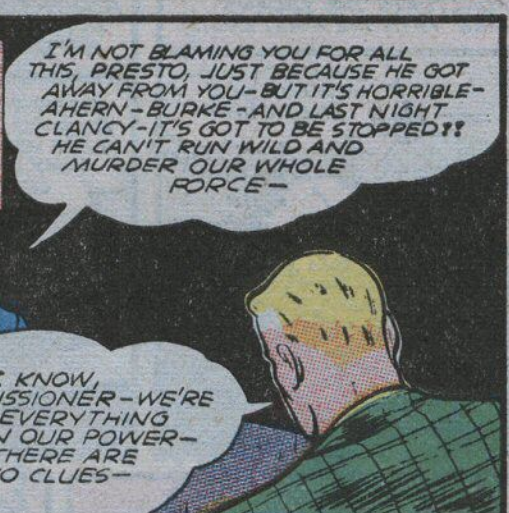
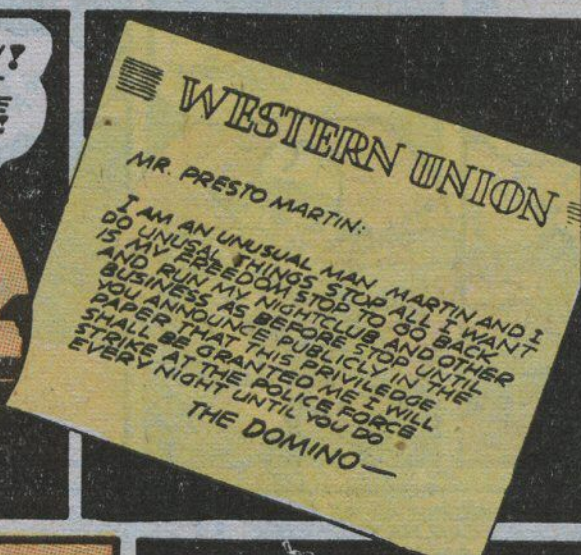
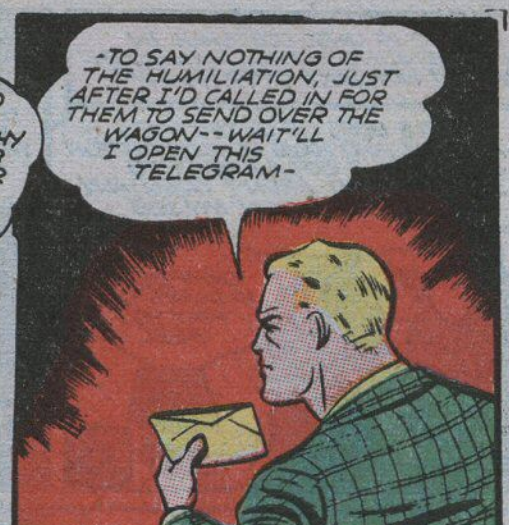
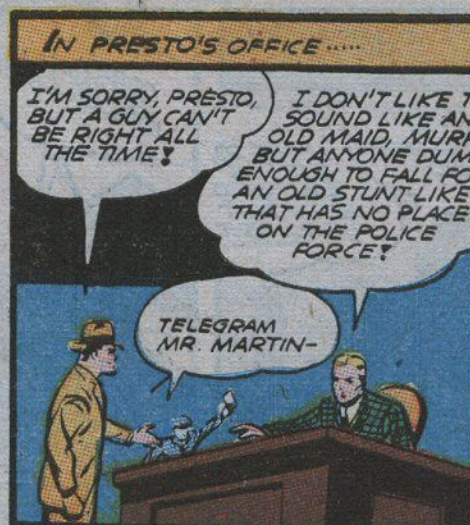


GRAB THE CASH--QUICK--WE WON'T BE COMIN' BACK HERE--FOR A WHILE



MOMENTS LATER.....





PRESTO IS UNSUCCESSFUL IN INFLUENCING PATROLMAN DUGAN TO LET HIM TAKE OVER HIS BEAT-

YOU'RE BOSS OF DETECTIVES, MARTIN, AND HAVE NO JURISDICTION OVER ME- I GOT A FAMILY TO SUPPORT AND AREN'T TAKIN' ANY CHANCES ON LOSIN' MY JOB

OKAY DUGAN- IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL

THAT EVENING DUGAN PATROLS HIS BEAT-

HEY-YOU'RE ON THE WRONG BEAT BUDDY-

MAYBE SO, BUT THIS IS GOING TO BE MY BEAT FOR TONIGHT.

SORRY-I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

THAT'S KINDA MEAN, LEAVING DUGAN IN A DESERTED ALLEY- BUT I MAY HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE.

PRESTO GOES INTO A QUICK DISGUISE, THAT OF PATROLMAN DUGAN.

ALL THESE MURDERS HAVE OCCURRED AROUND NINE IT'S ALMOST THAT NOW- SAY! THAT SEDAN LOOKS SUSPICIOUS! I BETTER BE READY-

THAT'S DUGAN ALL RIGHT, BOSS, HERE GOES!

I'LL PLAY DUMB AND LET THEM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE!

SUDDENLY--

WHAT'S TH' MATTER-TH' GUY WON'T DROP!

IT'S THE DOMINO ALL RIGHT

PRESTO, AN EXPERT MARKSMAN PUNCTURES THE SEDAN'S TIRE WITH THE FIRST SHOT.

OKAY, DOMINO- NOW FOR OUR SHOWDOWN-

REMOVING HIS DISGUISE AS HE DASHES FOR THE WRECKED CAR, HE PLUNGES INTO THE DOMINO AND HIS MEN BEFORE THEY CAN BREAK AWAY....

WHAT'S THE MATTER? FOUR BIG TOUGH GUYS LIKE YOU RUNNING AWAY FROM ONE COPPER!

IT'S-IT'S PRESTO MARTIN!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY DOMINO-YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE-

EXCEPT TO THE CHAIR?

LATER, AS SERGEANT MURPHY LEAVES THE THEATRE....

24 DAILY STAR
DOMINO CAPTURED BY PRESTO MARTIN
PRESTO DISGUISED AS PATROLMAN DUGAN...

I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!

PATROLMAN DUGAN VISITS PRESTO-

I'M SORRY I DIDN'T SEE THINGS YOUR WAY, PRESTO!

FORGET IT, DUGAN-IF MY HUNCH HAD BEEN WRONG YOU'D BE PLENTY SORE ABOUT THAT SOCK ON THE JAW!

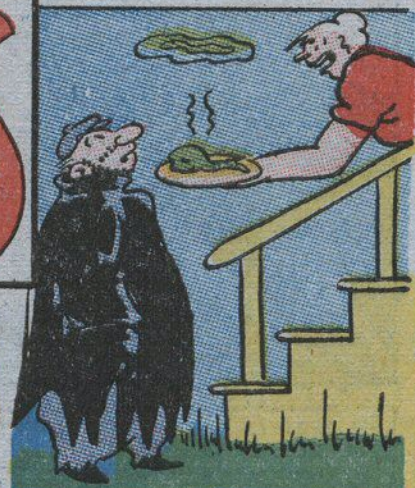
"PRESTO" MARTIN CONTINUES ON WITH HIS CRIME-BUSTING ACTIVITIES IN NEXT MONTH'S **SILVER STREAK** COMICS!!!



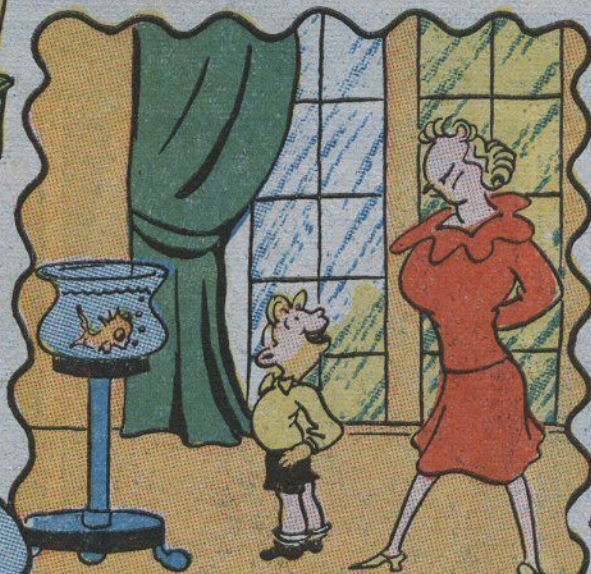
LAFFS



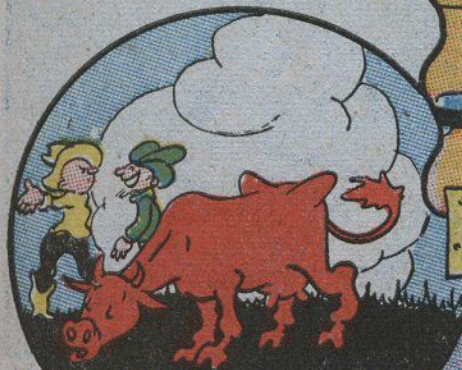
"WHY THIS TWO CENT LEMONADE IS AS GOOD AS THE FIVE CENT— HOW COME?"
 "I DUNNO! I FIGGERED I SHOULD SELL IT CHEAPER BECUZ A MOUSE GOT DROWNED IN IT."



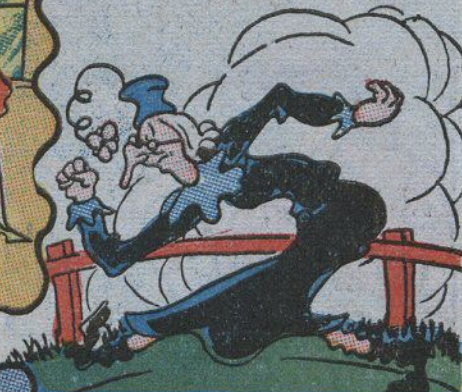
"WERENT THERE THREE OF YOU ASKING FOR FOOD LAST TIME?"
 "YES, MAM, I'M THE SOLE SURVIVOR!"



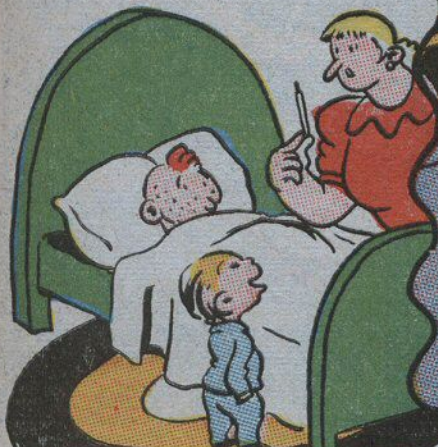
"MARVIN, DID YOU JUST EXPECTORATE INTO THE FISH BOWL?"
 "NO, MOM, BUT I'M GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER."



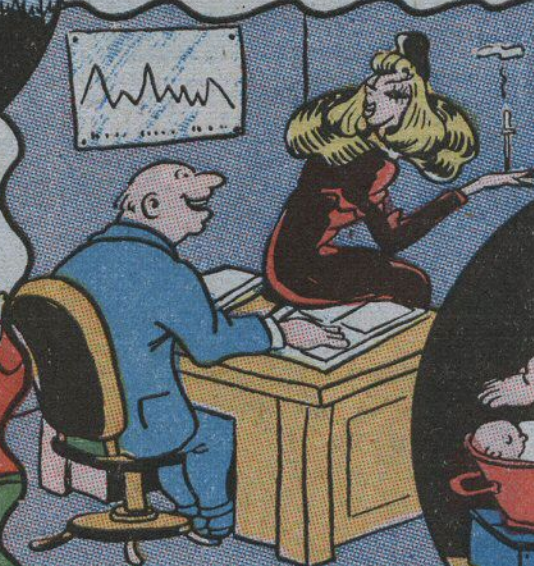
"GOSH DERN, YORE COW IS IN MY PASTURE AGIN!"
 "NOW KEEP YORE SHIRT ON, JED, AND I'LL SEND YA A GLASS OF MILK FER DINNER."



THERE WAS AN OLD LADY FROM KENT WHOSE NOSE WAS AWFULLY BENT SHE FOLLOWED HER NOSE ONE DAY I SUPPOSE AND NOONE KNOWS WHICH WAY SHE WENT.



"SAYMA, KIN I HAVE THE MEASLES WHEN WILLIE'S THRU WITH THEM?"



"MISS GREPBURN, YOUR MANAGER SAYS YOU'LL INDOORSE OUR CEREAL FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS."
 "YEAH! THROW IN ANOTHER THOUSAND AND I'LL EVEN EAT THE STUFF!"



"DOES YORE NEW BABY CRY MUCH, ZEEKE?"
 "A LITTLE WHEN AH DROPS HIM— BUT THET'S BECUZ HE AIN'T LARNED TA SWEAR YET!"

DAN DEARBORN

Freedom's Son

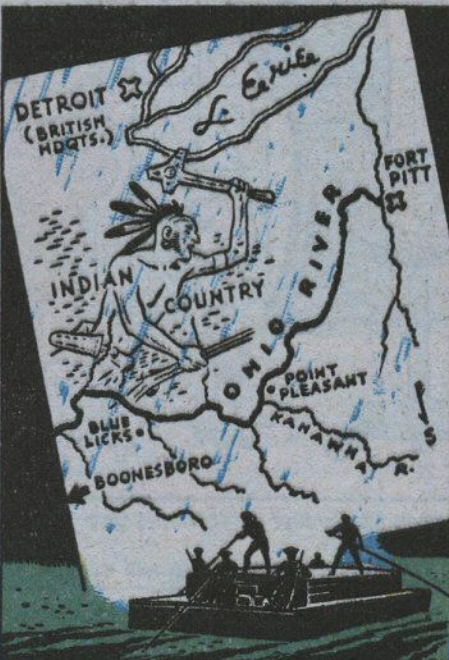
WALTER GALLI

THE YEAR: 1776... BRIBED BY THE BRITISH, SAVAGE REDSKINS ARE RAVAGING THE COLONIAL FRONTIER! DAN, WITH INDIAN-FIGHTER GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, IS AT FORT PITT, BACKWOODS MILITARY POST, PREPARING TO TRANSPORT A LOAD OF GUNPOWDER DOWN THE OHIO TO BOONESBORO IN THE KENTUCKY WILDERNESS. WITHOUT IT, THE SETTLEMENT WILL BE WIPED OUT! HOWEVER, BRITISH AGENTS SEEK TO BALK DAN'S DARING MOVE!!

IN DEAD OF NIGHT, DAN DIRECTS A SECRET LOADING.....

EASY WITH THEM POWDER KEGS, BOYS! WHEN WE SHOVIN' OFF, MAJOR CLARK?

RIGHT NOW, DEARBORN, SO'S WE KIN GET A HEADSTART!



BUT, WATCHING UNDER COVER, A RENE-GADE SPY, SCARFACE DYKES, GIVES A SIGNAL!

THIS'LL SLOW UP THEM PATRIOT DOGS!



A SHOWER OF FLAMING, OIL-SOAKED ARROWS!

WHAT THE-- INJUNS!

LOOK TO THE POWDER!



A DIRECT HIT THREATENS TO BLOW THEM SKYWARD!!

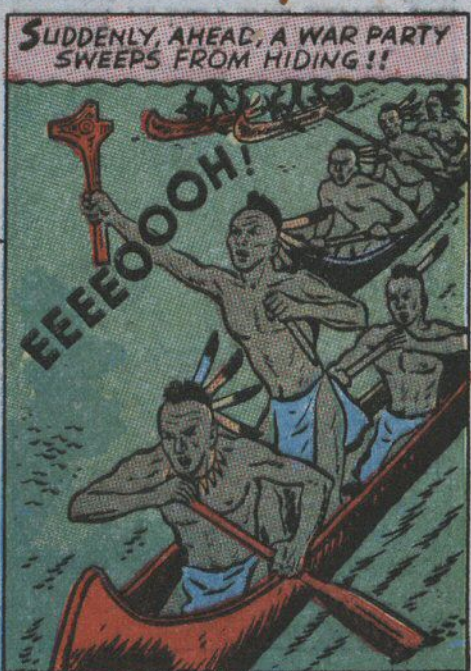
STAND BACK! THIS IS MY JOB!

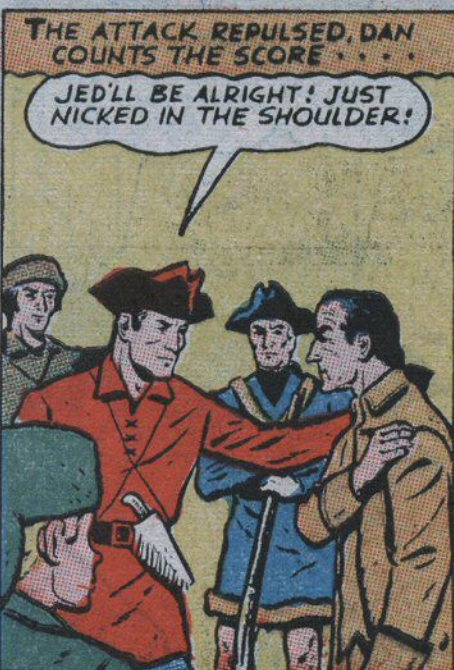
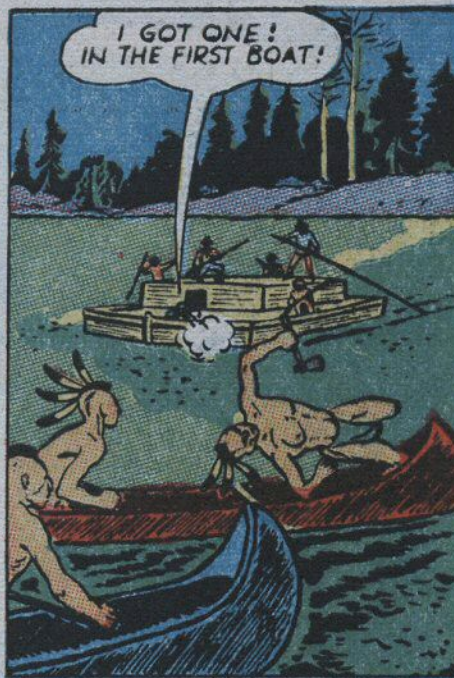


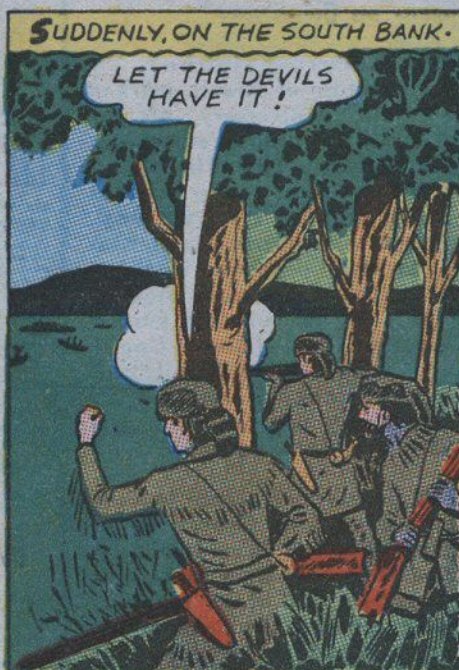
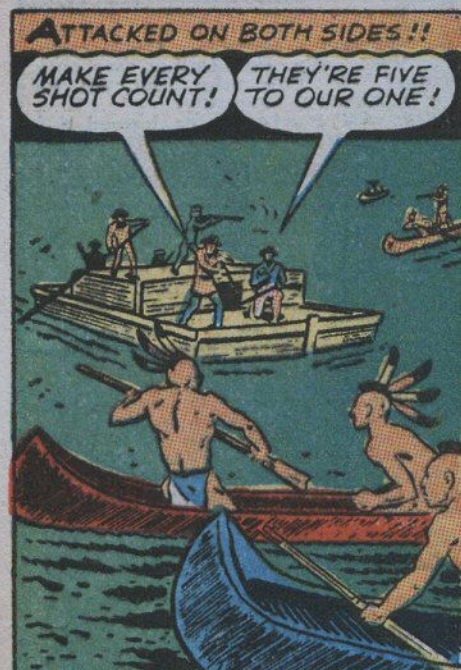
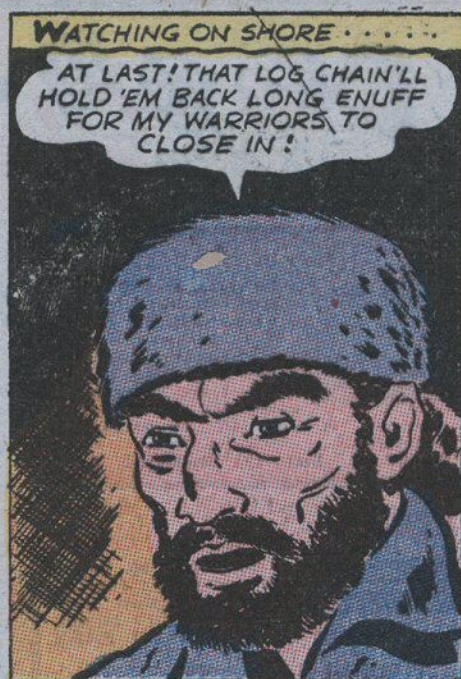
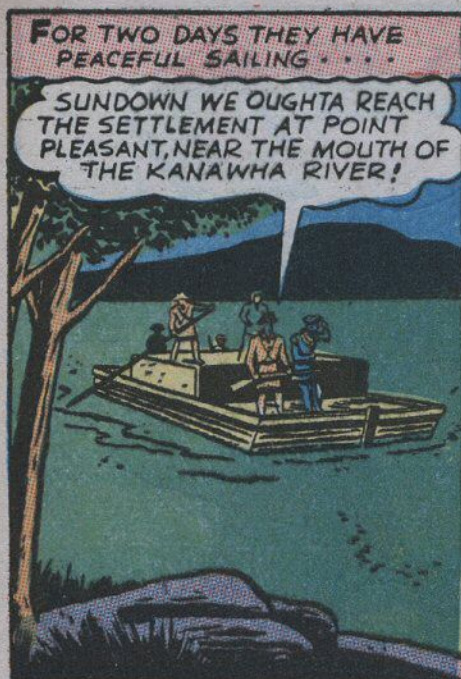
INTO THE DRINK!

WHEW! THOUGHT WE WUZ GONERS SURE!







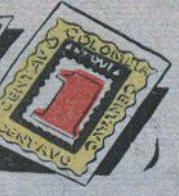


Follow ★
THE TRAIL
OF THESE DARING
FRONTIERSMEN AS THEY
RESUME THEIR PERILOUS
JOURNEY IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF

★
**SILVER
STREAK
COMICS** ★



Silver Streak Stamp Page



WILL ROGERS AND U. S. FLAG



Panama showing "Old Glory" in natural colors, also Nicaragua Rogers (shown) packet Diamond & Triangles, odd lands, Pope Plus stamp, Mussolini stamp, Slave Colony rare old Greece, animals, in LOT 35 DIFFERENT

only 5c with approvals
BELMONT STAMP CO., Dept 333 Washington, D. C.



LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE!

(shown) also Snake stamp Silver Jubilee, Mermaid stamp, Gobi Desert Devil's Island, set U. S. (nearly 50 years old!) all FREE with approvals for 3c postage

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FREE — GOYA NUDE!

Given! The famous Goya nude stamp. At the risk of having his portrait painted in his own blood, Goya painted this picture for a Spanish Duchess. In 1930, Spain issued a series of stamps in commemoration of the death of Goya. The stamp (as shown) was reproduced for the event. We will give the stamp and 25 different CANADA stamps (our neighbor now at war) all free to various approval applicants sending 5c postage. ACT TODAY!

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Box 2019-S, Little Rock, Ark.

If you read your newspapers and listen to the radio you all know that history is being made every day, and that the map of Europe is being changed almost every hour. With all of these changes being made, a great many of the stamps you have in your albums that you didn't think would ever be worth a "hoot" are not going to be issued again, and for that reason will, in time, become valuable. So take a tip and hold on to all of the foreign stamps you have, especially those with pictures of Kings and Queens on them.

Our southern neighbor, the great republic of Brazil, marked the tenth anniversary of the presidency of Getulio Vargas with a new 400-reis stamp. This attractive brown-purple stamp features a design showing a female head, supposed to represent Brazil, with two national flags and a rising sun in the background. Against the rays of the sun is a curved inscription, "Pelo Brasil Uno e Forte" meaning "For Brazil, Unified and Strong." Across the top of the stamp appears the dates, 1930—24 de Outubro 1940."

The first airmail stamp to bear the head of King George VI of England has just been issued by India. It is a 14-anna value and an attractive dull violet in color. Besides showing the head of the king it depicts a modern mail plane flying over a hilly country. If you collect airmails, get this one, for it is the first of this value to be issued by India. I'll be glad to tell you where you can pick one up if you're interested.

When a country runs short of stamps of a certain value and does not want to or cannot print any more, they do just what Bermuda did. Bermuda needed 3d stamps, but they had plenty of 2½d ones, so they took these, and printed "3d" on in heavy black on them. This is what is called surcharging. Watch out for these new surcharged Bermudas. They're pretty scarce, for the government of Bermuda has passed a law prohibiting the export of valuables out of Bermuda, and stamps are listed as valuables

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FIND STAMPS WORTH FORTUNES!

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PONY EXPRESS SET

Few collectors have ever seen these rare U. S. locals issued by Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who enclose 4c postage.

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Arlington-J., Baltimore, Md.

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Panama Canal commemorative & Ecuador showing U. S. Flag in natural colors, also packet 34 DIFFERENT including "Bull" fight stamp Chinese "Midget" giant Diamond, "Christ" Triangle Mozambique Morocco war countries, Asia Africa ex-Nazi Colony triangle, etc.—only 5c with approvals

Potomac Stamp Co Dept 999 Washington, D. C.

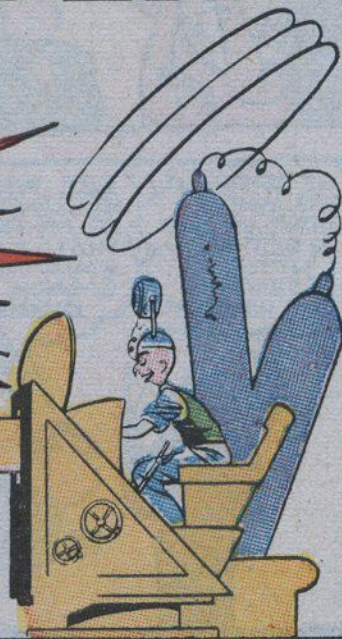
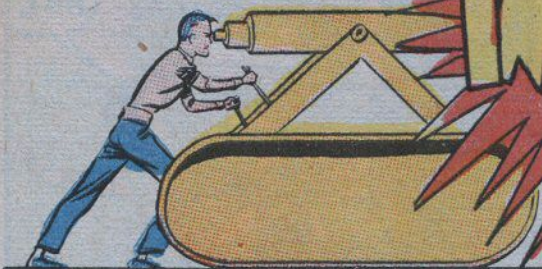


DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR..... by Jack Cole

HERE!
IT IS!

THE WAR OF INVENTIONS



EXCITEMENT IS AT FEVER PITCH IN CASTLETON! EVERYWHERE PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IT: THE EVIL PROF. SKINN HAS CHALLENGED DICKIE TO A DUEL OF INVENTIONS!! FOR MONTHS THE TWO HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING NEW WEAPONS FOR USE AGAINST EACH OTHER!!

WHEN WILL THE PROF. STRIKE?

WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME?

WHAT NEW INVENTIONS WILL THEY USE?

THESE AND MANY OTHER QUESTIONS ARE ASKED BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE

ON THE STREETS:

THIS SUSPENSE IS NERVE-WRACKING! IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS SINCE THE PROFESSOR CHALLENGED DICKIE AND NO ACTION YET!

MAYBE THE PROF. TURNED CHICKEN!

NOT THAT DEVIL!! HE'LL POP UP SOONER OR LATER!



ON BUILDINGS HIGH:

YOUNG DEAN HASN'T A CHANCE! THE PROFESSOR A DEMON—HE'LL STOOP TO ANYTHING!!

YEAH, BUT THE KIDS SQUEEZED OUT OF TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE JUST WAIT 'LL HE GETS GOIN'!



WITH THE CITY'S FIREMEN:

I'LL LAY YOU FIVE-TO-ONE ON THE PROFESSOR!

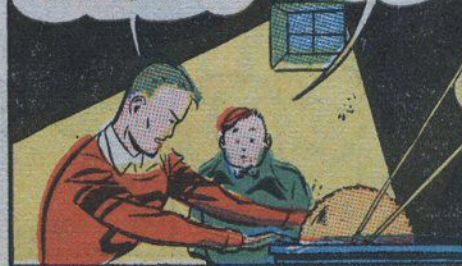
YOU'RE ON! I GOT FAITH IN THE KID!



MEANWHILE, DICKIE AND ZIP TODD AWAIT THE SIGNAL FOR ACTION

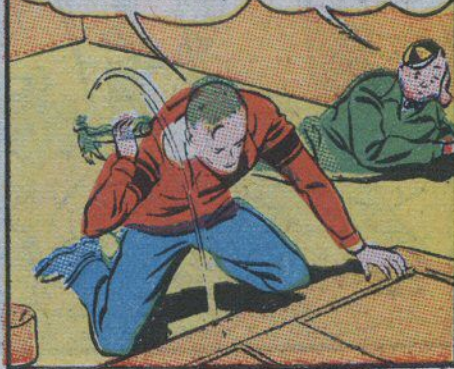
WE'VE BEEN READY FOR A WEEK, NOW, AND STILL NO SIGN OF HIM!! WONDER WHAT'S HOLDING HIM UP?

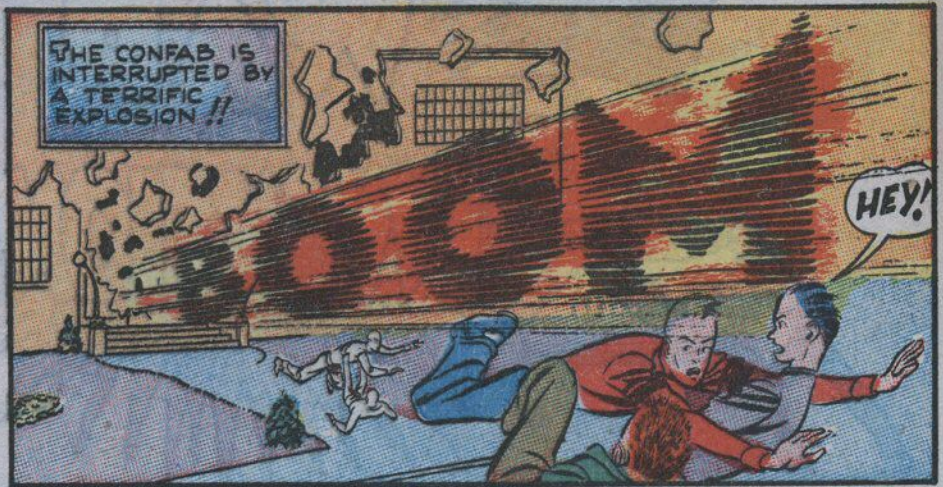
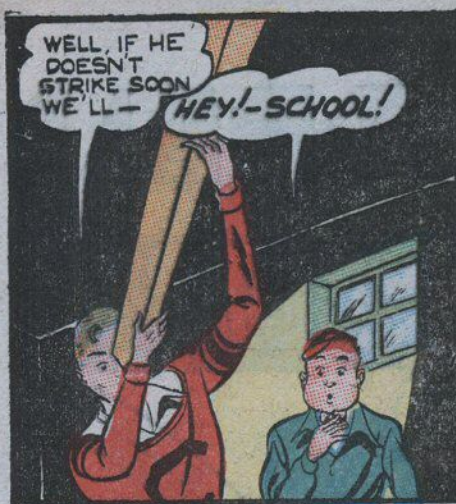
DUNNO BUT I GOT MY NAILS CHEWED TO THE QUICK!! GOT THE SHAKES!!



I FEEL THE SAME WAY, NOT KNOWING WHEN OR HOW HE'LL STRIKE!!

MESBEE HE'S STILL WORKIN' ON SOME INVENTIONS! OR THE LIKE!







WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE AND STILL CANT FIND WHERE THE SHOTS ARE COMING FROM!

TH...THERE'S OUR F.F.FORT! L...LES GO D...D...DOWN B'FORE WE'RE HIT!



HA-HA-HA! SEARCH YOUR HEAD OFF, DEAN! YOU'LL NOT FIND US, EH, BLUBBER?

BUT WE CAN SEE YOUR EVERY MOVE THROUGH THIS VISO-SCOPE!!



2 DEGREES NORTH... READY... FIRE!!

BLUBBER PULL TRIGGER! LOTSA FUN!!



WHOA!!

OH! OH! I KNEW IT!



L-LAWSEE!! TH' END!!

PULL YOUR RIP-CORD!!



SAFE!



QUICK!..TO THE FORT!!

GANGWAY!! LET A GUY RUN WHO KNOWS HOW!



NOW LET IM FIRE!! MY NEW NON-DESTRUCTIBLE METAL IS GOING TO HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE ITSELF!!

PHEW!.. THAT'S THE LAST TIME YOU'LL EVER GET ME UP IN THE AIR!



A DIRECT HIT!! HE'S GOT OUR RANGE!

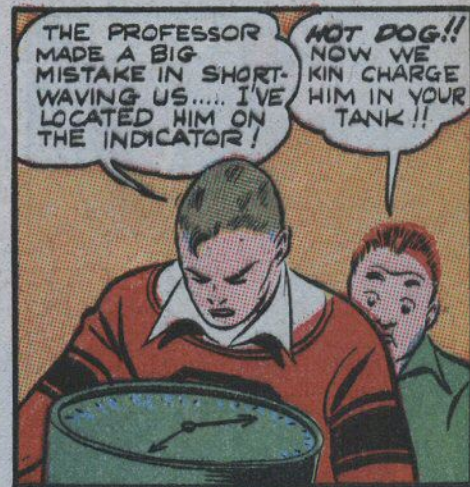
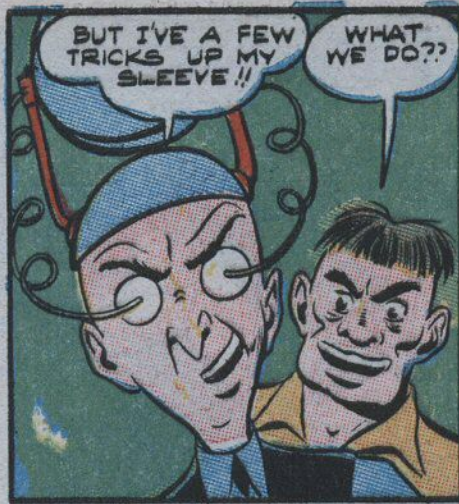
PAL, YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING! THESE EAR PLUGS SURE SAVE WEAR N TEAR ON THE DRUMS!

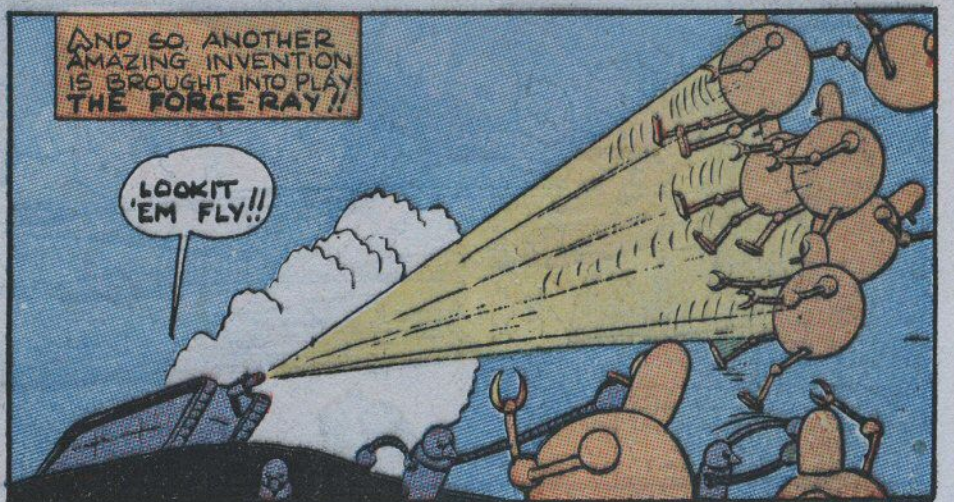
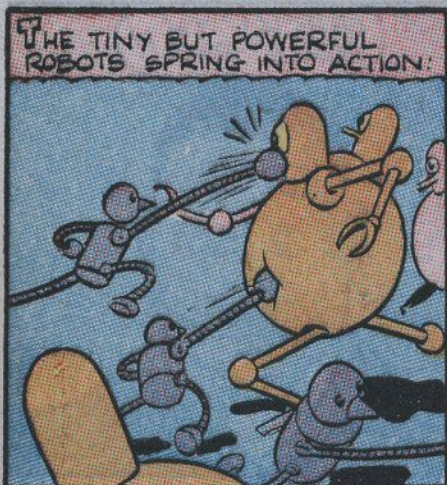
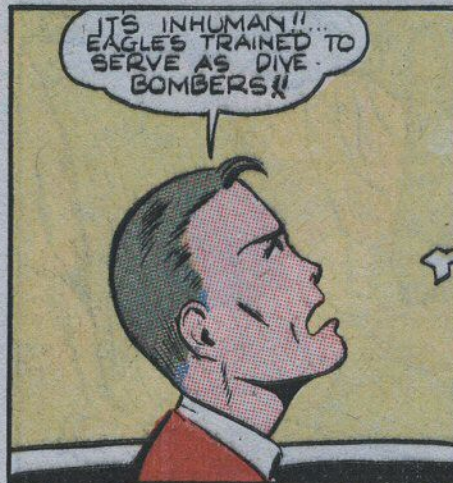


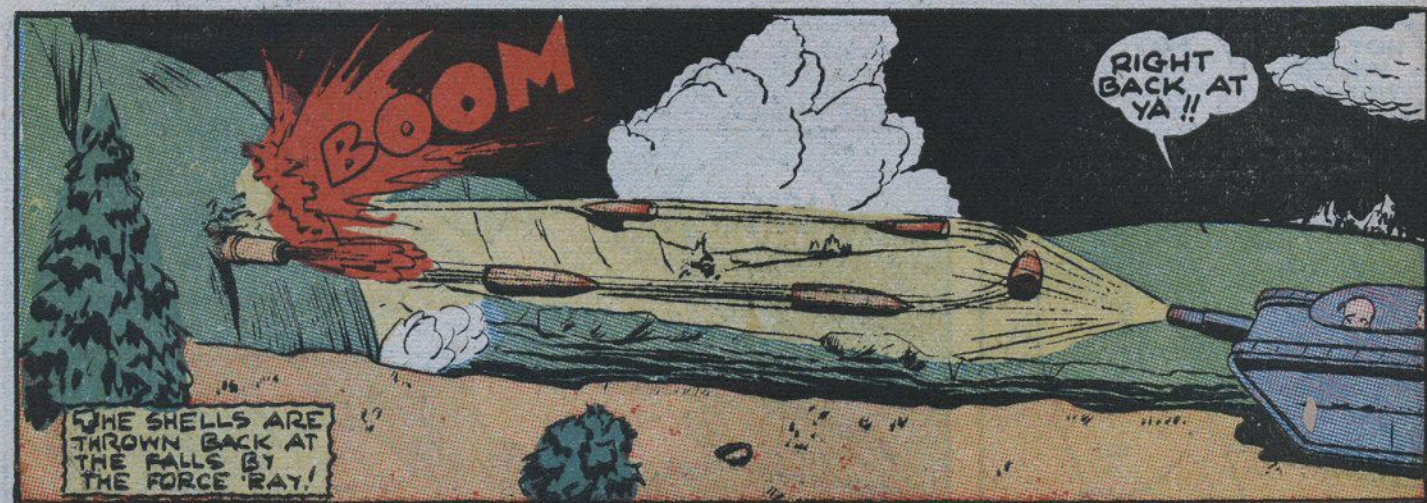
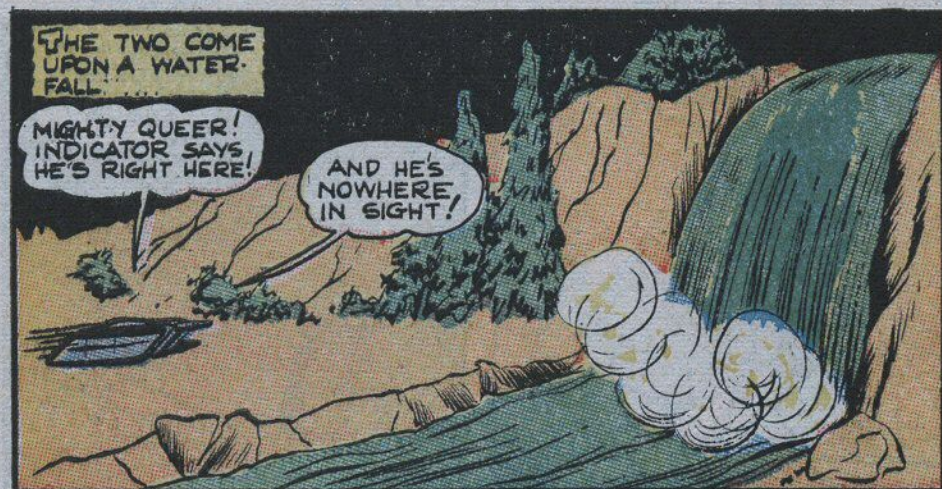
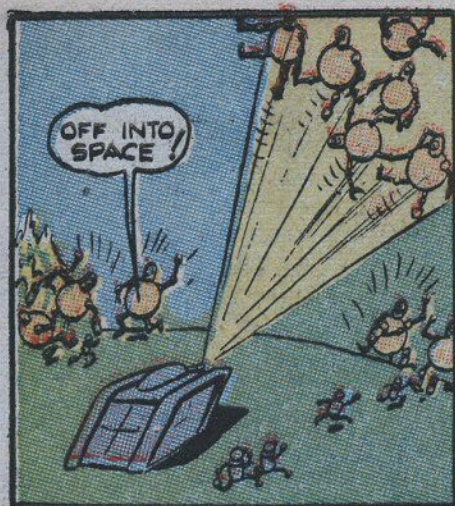
SHELL AFTER SHELL IS DIRECTED AT THE BOMB-PROOF FORT

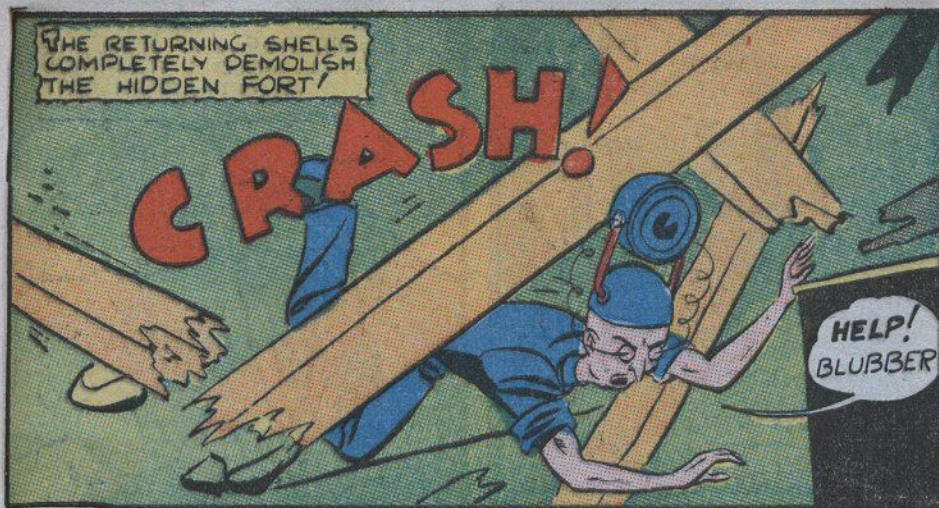
HULLY CHEE!! NARRY A DENT!

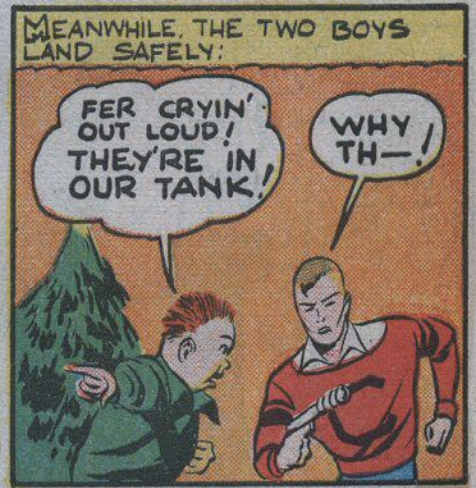
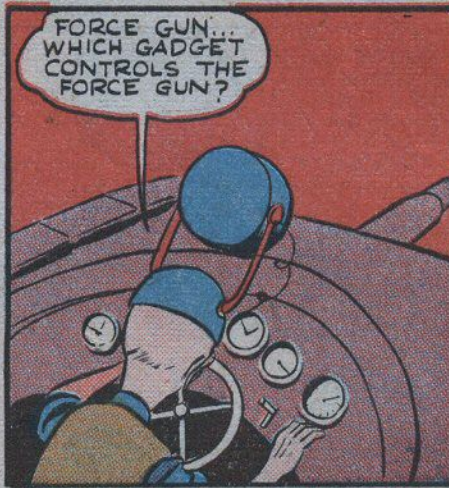
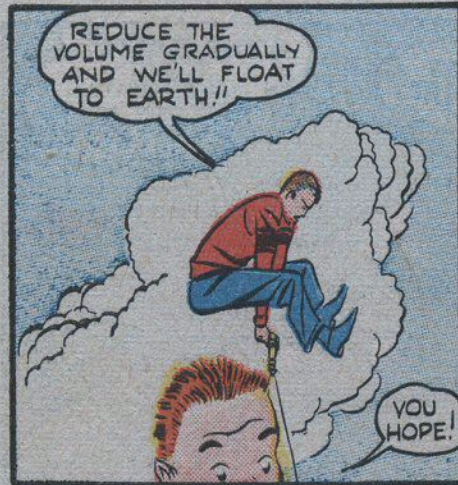
BUT WE'RE GETTIN NOWHERE FAST!... CANT EVEN LOCATE HIM ON THE RADIO INDICATOR!!











READY

THE SENSATIONAL NEW DAISY

1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC. NEW YORK

cowboy CARBINE

MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name an' face branded on th' stock!"—RED RYDER

16 INCH LEATHER
SADDLE THONG

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to yore bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Podner!

WESTERN
CARBINE
RING!

"Th' real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru th' Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to th' ground if she slides outa my saddle holster or gits knocked from my hands by a ba'ar!

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, Feller! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work . . . large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLDEN COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West.

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

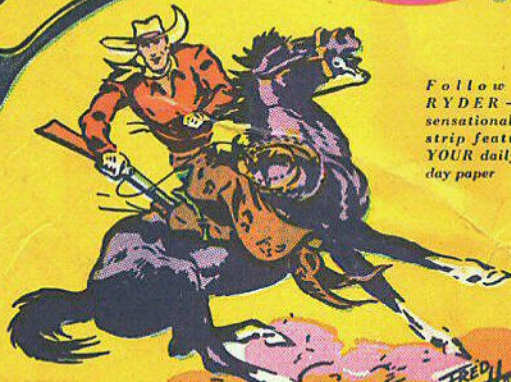
"Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty . . . kinda like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE
STYLE FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold . . . th' wood just 'snugs' into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!"

LIGHTNING-LOADER
INVENTION!

"Twist th' magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without re-loadin' oncel!"



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